GINGER SNAPS (Cleaned-up version of 10/1/98 script)
by Karen Walton
FADE IN
EXT. A FOUR-LANE HIGHWAY EXIT RAMP ~ DAY
A distant cityscape shimmers on the horizon. Off the exit October colors warm a sprawling modern suburb.
EXT. SUBURB OF BAILEY DOWNS/VARIOUS ~ DAY
Modest homes ring clean cul du sacs. There's an impressive shopping mall. An expansive county greenhouse. Playgrounds. A well-cared-for high school. A pretty stretch of open field cutting neatly between two residential areas, with a fleet of electrical towers humming reassuringly.
EXT. A CUL DU SAC ~ DAY
The towers can be seen between the houses near-by. NEIGHBORS work on carefully-tended lawns. KIDS play street hockey.
EXT. A BUNGALOW BACKYARD ~ DAY
A MOTHER rakes leaves. Next to an aluminum-sided dog house, her TODDLER toils in her sandbox, filling a pail with sand. The mother turns her back to bag the leaves.
The toddler drops her spade in favor of using her hands. Her eyes widen. She smiles. Claps her hands together. They're coated with dark, wet sand. She brings her hands to her cheeks, excited, and leaves bloody smears.
MOTHER: Okay! Who's ready for bubbly-baths?
Her child turns to her, bloody. The mother screams. She snatches her up, prying from her grip a severed paw. The toddler has uncovered the torn and gutted remains of a dog.
MOTHER: B-b-b-b-a-axter?
The mother creeps to the dog house. The carcass lays on its side, torn with bloody claw marks. Screaming, the mother runs with her toddler out to the front yard.
EXT. FITZGERALD HOUSE ~ DAY
Across the street, the mother screams.
MOTHER: IT GOT OUR DOG!
An attached garage door opens. A morose little waif in black peers out. BRIGITTE FITZGERALD is barely fifteen. She has an extension cord over her shoulder, and a gas can. Her eyes are veiled by long, protective bangs.
MOTHER: IT GOT BAXTER!
Appalled, Brigitte fumbles her way into her garage. She slams the door.
INT. FITZGERALD HOUSE GARAGE ENTRY-WAY ~ DAY
The entry-way offers access to a bright, spotless kitchen, and a stairwell to the basement. Brigitte takes the stairs.
INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT ~ DAY
Brigitte crosses the half-finished basement — a home improvement project long abandoned. A women-in-prison movie plays on an old TV between the wooden frames of would-be walls. She heads for the only door at the far end.
INT. FITZGERALD GIRLS' BASEMENT BEDROOM ~ DAY
A knife is gently tested against a wrist. It breaks the skin. Baxter's owner's wails drift in.
The curtains are drawn, candles burn. The walls are coated in Polaroids of the Fitzgerald sisters — always together, in varying expressions of misery or disgust. There is an attached full-bath. Brigitte enters.
BRIGITTE: Baxter's fertilizer... People care more about their pets than each other. Why can't they just catch that thing? How hard can it be in a place full of dead ends?
Henna-headed GINGER FITZGERALD (almost 16) shrugs, watches a thin line of blood bead up on her own wrist. Ginger's the inspiration for Brigitte's "look." But Ginger's got breasts.

GINGER: Fuck, wrists are for girls. I'm slitting my throat. You should definitely hang.
Brigitte surveys the collection of potentially lethal household items covering their twin single beds: the gas can, painkillers, corrosive cleaners, a power saw.
BRIGITTE: I don’t know, Ginge’. Maybe even your final moment's a bad cliché around here.
GINGER: Not ours, Bee. Ours’ll rock.
BRIGITTE: But what’s the point?
GINGER: Bee. We live in a well-lit black hole. We’re surrounded by morons. Trying to make this meaningful's a total waste of time. Go for the show.
BRIGITTE: You don't think our deaths should be a little more than cheap entertainment?
GINGER: Why?
Ginger slips a noose made of Christmas lights around Brigitte’s neck.
GINGER: This is your best idea ever. So what’s up your butt?
BRIGITTE: It's the idea of everybody staring at me lying there. What if they just — laugh?
GINGER: They’ll be in awe. Suicide’s the ultimate “Fuck You.” We’ll be like, Conscientious Objectors to living with “nice”!
BRIGITTE: (smiling) Conscientious objectors.
GINGER: We swore we’d go together, one way or another.
BRIGITTE: When we were eight.
GINGER: So?
Ginger sticks a badly scarred palm in Brigitte’s face.
GINGER: “Out by sixteen, or dead in this scene. Together forever... Together forEVER...”
Brigitte gratefully presses her own scarred palm to Ginger’s.
BRIGITTE: “United against life as we know it?”
GINGER: Us dead’ll be the shit, Bee. Trust me.
EXT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD ~ DAY
Ginger is dead; impaled on their white picket fence. Blood trickles from her mortal wound. Brigitte ponders her sister's corpse from atop an aging playhouse. Beyond, the suburb repeats itself as far as the eye can see.
BRIGITTE: Too much blood.
The wind stirs Ginger’s skirt.
BRIGITTE: And I can see your gonch.
Ginger gives her the finger.
GINGER: Just do it.
Brigitte raises a 35mm stills camera to her eye.
ROLL HEAD CREDITS AS:
EXT. SLIDE SHOW
Brigitte’s images of Ginger are very artful.
Snap! Ginger, speared on a white picket fence.
Snap! Brigitte, drowned in a plastic wading pool.
Snap! Ginger, squashed under the tires of a minivan.
Snap! Brigitte, tastefully laid out in the deep freezer.
Snap! Ginger, crushed under the garage door.
Snap! Brigitte, hung with a noose of Christmas lights.
Snap! Ginger, her entrails tangled in a lawn mower.
INT. HIGH SCHOOL ART CLASS ~ DAY
The screen flashes white. A CLASS of typical fifteen year-olds applauds. All the boys hoot. Brigitte looks shocked. Ginger winks at her. Scrawny, eczema-plagued MR. WAYNE leers.
MR. WAYNE: Oh you Fitzgerald girls! Ever the provocateurs!
Brigitte looks creeped out. She hides behind her hair.

MR. WAYNE: (to class) Comments? Questions?
Good-looking slacker JASON: McCARDY (15) raises a finger.
JASON: Can we see the ones of Ginger again?
The boys all hoot and carry on. Ginger fights a self-satisfied smile. Brigitte walks out.
MR. WAYNE: All right, settle. “Life in Bailey Downs,” who’s next?
EXT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL ~ DAY
Brigitte takes a Polaroid of herself. Ginger enters.
GINGER: Stop that, this is not a Wall of Shame moment, like, at all.
BRIGITTE: I wasn't trying for smut.
GINGER: It wasn't. They're pigs. Grab an ego.
BRIGITTE: People make me sick.
GINGER: 'Cept me. Right?
Pause. Brigitte nods. Ginger chuffs her on the arm.
EXT. HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS FIELD ~ DAY
An all-girls gym class is engaged in a vicious game of lacrosse. Gym teacher MS. SYKES (25) — a doe-eyed, overgrown Girl Scout — cringes at every slice and hit.
EXT. SPORTS FIELD PERIMETER ~ DAY
JASON and his friends TIM, CAL, and BEN watch the game.
JASON: Oooh yes, ladies. Run. Run for Daddy.
EXT. SPORTS FIELD SIDELINES ~ DAY
Looking very unhappy in her ill-fitting gym uniform, Brigitte and Ginger wait to play apart from their classmates. They sneak a smoke.
GINGER: Hey. McCardy just checked me.
Brigitte looks to Jason. He looks away.
BRIGITTE: Like you care, right. High school. Just a mindless little breeder's machine. Or so they wish.
Ginger rubs her lower back. Brigitte notes her breasts.
BRIGITTE: Total hormonal toilet. Rather wait it all out in our room.
GINGER: You skipped a grade to get here.
BRIGITTE: You said I should.
GINGER: 'Cause I knew you could take it.
BRIGITTE: What's with your back?
GINGER: I don't know. Hey. Search and Destroy. Go.
BRIGITTE: I’m not in the mood.
GINGER: You're so in the mood, c'mon.
Brigitte's malevolent gaze falls upon small-town alternative hipster TRINA SINCLAIR (15).
BRIGITTE: Okay. Trina Sinclair.
GINGER: Excellent selection. Go.
TRINA WANNABE 1 eavesdrops behind them.
BRIGITTE: Trina Sinclair. D.O.A. at the hair dye aisle, perished while sucking matching barrettes on nothing but diet pills and laxatives.
GINGER: Likes her shorts stuck up her ass crack.
BRIGITTE: Favorite homework excuse — “My nail glitter ate it.”
GINGER: Dry humps her stuffed animals.
BRIGITTE: With her full chest and pit bull, Trina enjoys two personality surrogates.
GINGER: Your basic pleasure model.
BRIGITTE: (grasping) Your standard — cum-buckety — date-bait.
GINGER: Good one.
EXT. SPORTS FIELD PROPER ~ DAY
Sykes blasts her whistle and play stops for a line change.

SYKES: Okay, let’s give the next group a chance!
The sisters take their positions. Brigitte looks terrified.
GINGER: I'll cover you, B.
BRIGITTE: Good.
Ginger arches her back to dig at her pain. Jason stares. Ginger bugs her eyes at him. Jason smiles. Ginger snorts. Brigitte sees the eavesdropper whispering in Trina's ear. Trina scowls at Brigitte.
BRIGITTE: Uh-oh. Gin—
Sykes blows the whistle. Play begins.
Trina blasts straight for Brigitte, her stick raised. Brigitte dodges her, placing other players between them.
Ginger intercepts a pass, driving the ball back into the fray, hard. Jason whoops, distracting her.
The ball falls into Brigitte's possession. Trina grins. Brigitte looks to Ginger for help. But Ginger is watching Jason.
There's nowhere to hide; Trina slams into Brigitte with all her might. Brigitte reels out of bounds, trips, and falls face-first into a dead dog. The whistle blows.
TRINA: Whoa, bonus. Guess you're D.O.A. on a dog, Fitzface.
Brigitte slowly pulls herself to her knees. She's soaked in gore. The class squeals with disgust. Brigitte gags.
SYKES: Ew, Brigitte, you better go shower.
EXT. SPORTS FIELD PERIMETER ~ DAY
Jason and company groan and guffaw.
TIM: Beast of Bailey Downs strikes again.
CAL: That's four dogs this week. Severe.
JASON: That's one mother-fucker mad dog.
EXT. SPORTS FIELD PROPER ~ DAY
Ginger runs to gore-soaked Brigitte.
GINGER: You okay?
BRIGITTE: Terrific.
Brigitte trudges toward the school. Ginger storms over to Trina.
GINGER: Don't touch my sister again.
TRINA: Stop me, freak.
Ginger hesitates, unsure what to do. The other girls laugh. Ginger backs off and heads after Brigitte.
INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM ~ DAY
Brigitte enters, covered in gore. A JANITOR offers her a clean rag. Brigitte hesitates, then accepts it.
Ginger enters. Brigitte dives into the changing room. Ginger looks the janitor up and down.
INT. GIRLS' CHANGING ROOM ~ DAY
Brigitte wipes herself down with the rag. Ginger enters.
GINGER: Hey, that janitor was looking right down your shirt.
BRIGITTE: Sure.
Brigitte gets her Polaroid camera out of her bag.
GINGER: B, don’t.
Brigitte aims the camera at herself and shoots.
GINGER: Want me to kill Trina? I'll kill her for you, B.
BRIGITTE: Whatever.
GINGER: No, not whatever. This isn't whatever.
BRIGITTE: Would you torture her? Seriously?
GINGER: Anything you want.
BRIGITTE: ...I’ll make a list.
EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE CURB ~ DAY

The area teems with “mating” teens. Trina, Jason, Cal, and Ben smoke in the parking lot. Trina has her pit bull, MORELY, on a lead.
Apart from everyone, Brigitte and Ginger surreptitiously spy on them while sharing a bucket-sized soft drink. Ginger constantly fusses with her back. Brigitte consults a long loose-leaf list.
BRIGITTE: Or... she has that dog. We could kidnap it, make it look like he got eaten by this Beast of Bailey Downs. We've got all the blood and fake guts from the slide show.
GINGER: That's wicked! Let's do it.
BRIGITTE: In a perfect world, maybe.
A cube-van roars in. It reads: “County Re-greening Programme.”
CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - AT VAN
The van stops, its engine running. Trina, Jason, and friends flock to the driver's window.
JASON: Hey, Sam-the-man, word!
TRINA: Hiya, Samuel.
A tanned, muscular, tattooed arm reaches out and palms Jason a small plastic bag in exchange for cash.
The van lurches as it is thrown into reverse.
TRINA: Hey! My parents are out tonight. You should come over.
SAM: (O.S.) No, I shouldn't.
The van backs out.
JASON: Nice going, Sinclair. I was going to get him to smoke up with us.
TRINA: He's “spiritually remote.” I saw a whole show on it. It makes him resist commitment of almost any kind.
JASON: Sure.
EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE CURB ~ DAY
GINGER: She screws a drug dealer. She's begging for negative attention.
From the van, faux-blond SAM (23) -- a steely-eyed, sun-kissed stunner, happens to look right at Brigitte.
BRIGITTE: Look at him. He's like... trouble.
Sam drives off. Ginger meets Jason's gaze.
EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT ~ DAY
Jason hefts his bag of pot.
JASON: Bet she'd go for some green.
TRINA: You cannot be serious.
BEN: You want to do a Fitzgerald?!
JASON: Well, not the little goth. The one with the rack! The redhead!
TRINA: It's henna. And I swear she stuffs.
JASON: You would know.
TRINA: Oh, lick me, McCardy.
EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE CURB ~ DAY
Brigitte and Ginger prepare to leave.
GINGER: See, you'd let idiots get away with fucking you up. That's why the big Buddha made me. I mean, to stop them.
BRIGITTE: Oh, now you're “The Avenger“?
GINGER: (a la “Arnie,” flexing) Da Gingerator! Feel da powah!
Brigitte playfully shoves her away.
BRIGITTE: Don’t humor me.
GINGER: I vill crush all who diss you!
JASON: Hey, Ginger.
Jason trots up.
GINGER: What?

JASON: I was thinking we should get together.
Ginger looks to Brigitte, who hides under her hair.
GINGER: Well, think again.
Ginger walks off. Brigitte follows.
JASON: (incredulous) Bitch.
EXT. FITZGERALDS' CUL-DE-SAC/HOUSE ~ DAY
Brigitte and Ginger walk in uncomfortable silence. Ginger digs at the pain in her back. Brigitte snaps a Polaroid of their shadows. Ginger snags the picture as it ejects.
GINGER: Just because some gonad gets his zipper going doesn't mean I'm gonna go average on you, Bee. I'd rather be dead.
BRIGITTE: I'd rather die than be here without you.
GINGER: Well, relax. You're not. You big suck.
Ginger playfully shoves Brigitte, who wipes out. They laugh.
PAMELA FITZGERALD, their mother, turns from a conversation over the fence with the woman next door. Pamela is the image of Martha Stewart meets Sears.
PAMELA: Ginger, don't push your sister.
GINGER: (under her breath) God, I hate my gene pool. She's so...
BRIGITTE: Average in action?
INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM ~ NIGHT
Dinner's on. Ginger sits opposite Brigitte, between Pamela and HENRY — their ever-stoic, middle-management dad. Ginger rubs her sore back.
PAMELA: Why are you rubbing your back?
GINGER: It hurts?
PAMELA: Why?
GINGER: Well, pain flows up your nerve endings to the synapses in your —
Brigitte snorts back a laugh.
PAMELA: She's not funny. How did you hurt it?
GINGER: Being dead.
PAMELA: Does it hurt at your tailbone, or higher? (rubbing her ovaries) Is it tight through here?
GINGER: Maybe.
PAMELA: (rubbing her lower back) Aches right here?
GINGER: Might.
PAMELA: Oh my god. It's cramps!
Brigitte sobers.
GINGER: Give it a rest for five seconds.
HENRY: Pamela, we're eating.
PAMELA: They're more than three years late to menstruate, Henry. If she's finally having her period—
GINGER: I'm not!
PAMELA: Don't worry honey, it's a miracle of nature!
GINGER: Maybe it's cancer of the spine.
Brigitte giggles.
PAMELA: Ginger Anne!
BRIGITTE: Or tuberculosis.
Ginger laughs.
PAMELA: (to Henry) Look what your attitude does!
BRIGITTE: Or spondylitis.
GINGER: Spon-di-what?
BRIGITTE: Fuses your vertebrae together.
GINGER: Excellent.

PAMELA: Brigitte, stop it!
GINGER: Have a fit?
PAMELA: I’m sick of that tone.
GINGER: That makes two of us. Fuck.
PAMELA: All right, your room.
GINGER: Gladly.
Ginger saunters out. Brigitte rises too.
PAMELA: Brigitte, are you attached to her wrist?
Brigitte gives her a dirty look and walks out.
PAMELA: (yelling after them) Your father and I have counseling tonight! Don't you go out of this house! The news said there's still a wild animal on the loose!
Pamela listens for a response. There is none. Henry takes up a paper with the headline: “Rabid Dog Ruckus in Suburb.”
HENRY: They never go out.
PAMELA: You're a big help, as usual.
EXT. ELECTRICAL TOWER FIELD ~ NIGHT
A full moon hovers over the humming towers. It’s quiet and cold. The girls are halfway across the field, heading for the homes on the far side. Ginger carries a sloshing bag of guts and fake blood. Brigitte has her Polaroid camera around her neck.
BRIGITTE: We’ll get caught.
GINGER: No we won't.
BRIGITTE: The dog won't even be out.
GINGER: It has to pee sometime.
BRIGITTE: People don't leave their dogs out alone anymore.
GINGER: Then you'll just have to distract her while I nab the pooch and make with the gore.
Brigitte stops cold.
BRIGITTE: I can't distract her!
GINGER: The fuck, Bee! This was your idea! If you don't like your ideas, stop having them.
Ginger moves on. Brigitte looks hurt.
EXT. PEDWAY ON FAR SIDE OF FIELD ~ NIGHT
The paved pedway cuts between two homes to a brightly lit street ahead. Brigitte bounds up to Ginger's side.
BRIGITTE: Sorry.
GINGER: I've just had it with eating all their shit, okay. Whoa. Check it out!
Ginger darts to a pulpy mass. It's another dead dog. Its head is missing.
GINGER: Now we can even leave a body! She'll freak!
BRIGITTE: Uh, wicked.
GINGER: Take his ass.
Choking back nausea, Brigitte reluctantly touches the dog.
BRIGITTE: Ew, he's still warm.
Ginger throws her a fed-up look. Hardening, Brigitte picks up her end of the dog. The skin comes free and its hind end drops to the ground.
BRIGITTE: Aw, gross!
GINGER: Shit. Leave it then. What a drag.
BRIGITTE: Yeah, well. What can you do, right? You got some on you.
Ginger finds some blood on her thigh.
GINGER: Nice.
Ginger wipes at the blood with her hand. More appears. She lifts the hem of her skirt. Her face falls.
BRIGITTE: What?

Glancing around, Ginger slips her hand up her skirt. It comes back bloody.
GINGER: Bee. I just got the curse.
BRIGITTE: Ew.
GINGER: Thanks, you're an inspiration.
BRIGITTE: Well, geez...
GINGER: Great. Now I have to go home.
BRIGITTE: Well, we can do Trina any time.
They turn back toward the field. Ginger moves carefully, dabbing at the blood on her leg with her skirt. Brigitte furtively eyes Gringer's crotch.
GINGER: It's not contagious.
BRIGITTE: (annoyed) I know.
GINGER: This isn't that weird. What's weird is I can have a "miracle of nature" and not be old enough to drive. Right?
Brigitte tries a humoring smile.
GINGER: If I start simping around tampon dispensers or moaning about PMS, or even think about using anything that says "Baby Powder Fresh"—? Shoot me, okay.
Brigitte's smile dissolves.
GINGER: That's a joke, Bee.
SOMETHING ahead in the dark yanks Ginger violently forward by her coat hem. She barely keeps her footing.
GINGER: Hey!
Something snarls. Her coat rips as she wrenches free.
GINGER: Run!
Ginger and Brigitte bolt back into the pedway.
EXT. PEDWAY ~ NIGHT
Claws clatter down the pavement after them. Running like hell, Ginger pulls Brigitte off into an adjacent yard.
BRIGITTE: Oh shit, oh shit...
EXT. BLOCK NEXT TO PEDWAY ~ NIGHT
Ginger and Brigitte run across a front yard next to the pedway. Ginger pulls Brigitte into the space between this house and the next. They flatten their backs against the house wall.
Motion-sensitive porch lamps go on, tracing something moving at high speed all the way down the block. Trash cans are leveled. Something takes off with a clatter.
GINGER: Geezuz!
BRIGITTE: What was that?!
GINGER: I don't wanna know.
They edge out into the yard, moving backwards. It's silent.
EXT. PEDWAY ~ NIGHT
Brigitte cowers behind Ginger as they back onto the pedway. Backyard motion-sensitive lamps begin to come on. Something is coming back up the block.
Brigitte looks to the backyards. No more lights are tripped.
GINGER: ...It's gone.
BRIGITTE: ...Yeah.
EXT. PEDWAY / FIELD BORDER ~ NIGHT
Brigitte moves into the field first. She nervously scans the dark.
Behind her, Ginger moves slower, fussing with her skirt.
GINGER: Shit, look what that fucker did to my—
Ginger's cut cold by a roaring blur of fur, teeth, and claws. SOMETHING BIG takes her down hard. Her bag of fake guts hits the pavement and bursts.

BRIGITTE: GINGER!
Ginger screams. Canine claws pin her shoulders down. Jaws flash as her coat rips open, buttons bouncing away.
BRIGITTE: LET HER GOOOO!
Ginger smashes it with her fists. Its teeth crunch into her collar bone.
GINGER: AARAA-OOOW! HE'S BITING MEEE!
Brigitte flails at it. Massive jaws snap at her. She reels back.
Ginger twists to her stomach and tries to pull herself out. It grabs her by the scruff of her neck and shakes her like a rag doll.
BRIGITTE: STOP IT!! LEAVE HER ALONE!
Lights come on in the flanking homes. Brigitte smashes her Polaroid camera down on it, hard.
It drops Ginger with a yelp. Brigitte strikes again. The camera's flash goes off. The attacker chomps down on the camera, flinging it and Brigitte through the air: she lands scraping into the pavement.
It hisses a froth of spittle.
Ginger sees her chance: she kicks it full force in the mouth. It falls back, yelping.
It is between the girls and the street.
Brigitte scrambles between Ginger and the beast. Ginger staggers to her feet, pulling Brigitte backward and around.
GINGER: GO!
The girls run like hell into the field.
EXT. THE FIELD ~ NIGHT
The girls are at a dead run. The thing is on their heels.
BRIGITTE: Highway!?
They make a right-angle for the highway.
EXT. THE HIGHWAY ~ NIGHT
Headlights speed down the road on an interception course.
INT. SPEEDING VEHICLE (TRAVELING) – NIGHT.
The speedometer reads well over 100. The girls launch off the roadside, directly into the vehicle's path. It's horn blares. The breaks squeal.
EXT. HIGHWAY ~ NIGHT
Headlights whirl. Crunch. Whoever's been hit bounces under the truck. With a spray of blood and guts, the body spins free and lands off the road. The vehicle skids and lurches to a stop.
EXT. HIGHWAY / ROADSIDE ~ NIGHT
Four lanes away, Brigitte and Ginger crash into the underbrush. Ginger keeps going.
Brigitte freezes: the attacker's carcass oozes next to her. It's very dead. Its head is pulverized. It is unrecognizable.
INT. VAN ~ NIGHT
Sam sits at the wheel, trembling. A joint burns between his fingers. Seeing no one, he guns the gas and donuts the van.
EXT. HIGHWAY / ROADSIDE ~ NIGHT
BRIGITTE: HEY, WAIT!
The “County Re-greening Program” van tears off. Brigitte looks to Ginger, who stumbles and falls.
INT. FITZGERALD HOME ENTRY-WAY ~ NIGHT
Brigitte flings the door open, supporting a bleeding Ginger.
BRIGITTE: MUM?!
The house is still. Ginger slumps. Her arms and chest are soaked with blood.
BRIGITTE: Oh god, oh god, I'll call 911!
GINGER: No, no, no, no... unh...
INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT ~ NIGHT

Brigitte helps Ginger down the steps to the couch.
GINGER: It burns! Are — are you — okay?!
BRIGITTE: Yeah... lie down! Shit — Ginge' — wait here!
GINGER: NO! DON'T LEAVE ME!
BRIGITTE: STAY THERE!
Brigitte runs into their room.
INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM ~ NIGHT
BRIGITTE: Oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god.
Brigitte frantically digs out a dusty first aid kit and grabs a towel. A terrible wheezing starts up from the bedroom.
GINGER: (O.S.) WHERE — ARE — YOU!?
INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM ~ NIGHT
Ginger collapses. Brigitte runs in and helps her to a bed.
BRIGITTE: Sit up, sit up! Breathe, breathe! I gotta open your—! I have to see it, GINGER:!
Ginger moans, pushing her off. Brigitte peels off Ginger's shirt; its wetness sucks at the skin beneath it. Ginger's torso is covered in blood.
GINGER: Ah, FUCK!
BRIGITTE: We can deal! Hey — Ginger! TALK TO ME!
GINGER: Th-th-the tee-eeth went so-o d-d-deep.
Brigitte presses the towl over Ginger's arms and shoulders; averting her eyes as she wipes blood from off Ginger's breasts. The towel is quickly soaked.
GINGER: Wh— what was it?!
BRIGITTE: It— it looked like — a dog?! I couldn't really see—
GINGER: Why? WHAT'D I DO?!
BRIGITTE: Shh, shhh — I saw this thing once?! On — on bears?! Said a — a bear'll, like, come after a chick on the rag! 'Cause of the smell.
GINGER: This wasn't my fault!
BRIGITTE: I'm not saying—
GINGER: I'm just h-having my period! I was out try-trying to do something for YOU — and this ha-happened! It's not my f-f-fault!
Brigitte stops her first aid a second, stung.
GINGER: Do I stink?! Can you SMELL IT?!
BRIGITTE: No! You asked why, I'm just—
Something on Ginger catches Brigitte's eye.
GINGER: Well, it wasn't a fucking bear! There aren't any bears anywhere near here!
BRIGITTE: Shut up! Be still! Stop it!
Ginger is pierced with claw marks. There is an enormous bite on her collarbone. But a thin film covers every mark: her wounds are already healing over. The girls exchange looks.
Brigitte carefully draws her finger along the bite.
BRIGITTE: That hurts?
Ginger shakes her head. Brigitte presses the scar with her finger. It is soft, but the scab tissue does not break.
BRIGITTE: Ah. Ah. Ah. Th-th-that's impossible.
Ginger touches her wounds herself. She lets a single hysterical laugh escape.
BRIGITTE: No, Ginge', this isn't right! I'm calling 911.
GINGER: Bee. Bee! I'm — I'm not bleeding now!
BRIGITTE: I don't know what that is!
GINGER: H-hey. HEY. Spare me Pam finding out. P-please. Just... I th-think I'm okay!
Pause. Ginger holds Brigitte's hand tight. Brigitte starts to cry.

BRIGITTE: I thought you might...
Ginger embraces Brigitte.
GINGER: I'm okay, I'm okay, I'm okay...
INT. CLOSE - HUMAN BLOOD STREAM
An ominous-looking army of virus cells invades.
MALE NARRATOR (V/O) Preying upon normal, healthy cells, the Sexually Transmitted Disease cells gradually devour the host from within.
In time-lapse, the virus cells attack, enlarge, and multiply.
MALE NARRATOR (V/O) Eventually, the disease consumes its host completely, and, finally, destroys it.
Brigitte looks from the film to Ginger. Ginger is sweating, rocking in her seat and holding her abdomen.
INT. DRUG STORE - FEMININE HYGIENE AISLE ~ DAY
The store lights are unflattering. Ginger looks like death.
BRIGITTE: Are you sure it's just cramps?
GINGER: For your information, the words “just” and “cramps” don’t go together.
Brigitte grins, makes a “gun” with her finger and thumb, and “shoots” Ginger between the eyes. Ginger bends double. Brigitte lowers her gun.
INT. DRUG STORE - CHECK-OUT ~ DAY
At the counter, JASON and BEN are buying rolling papers.
Limping in, Ginger shoves her stuff to Brigitte.
BRIGITTE: Wow, you're really girling here.
GINGER: (grabbing her stuff back) Right. You can't possibly understand.
Ginger slams her supplies on the counter. Jason notes them.
JASON: (confidentially) Um, diss me or whatever, but I got three sisters. Nothing takes the edge off like a good toke.
GINGER: Well. Aren't you sensitive.
JASON: Whatever it takes.
Ginger holds his gaze. She doesn't hear her change offered. Brigitte nudges her. Ginger elbows her hard, in the gut.
EXT. STREET NEAR HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS ~ DAY
Brigitte ponders the smashed grill of Sam's truck. She considers Sam in the grounds, his back to her. He's astride an idling tractor mower. Manic Ginger yanks Brigitte away.
EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS - NEAR STREET ~ DAY
Sam looks like hell. He stares into space. Behind him, Jason sneaks his friends, Ginger, and a very reluctant Brigitte into the back of Sam's van.
INT. BACK OF SAM’S VAN - NEAR HIGH SCHOOL ~ DAY
It’s dark. The kids are jammed in among plants and tools.
TIM: Quit hoggin' it, fuck-eye.
CAL: Bite me. This shit's wheelchair.
BEN: Aw, whose gob job pleasant.
Jason is writing his phone number on Ginger’s arm.
JASON: Just pass it. (to Ginger) Is it working?
Pale and sweat-soaked, stoned Ginger takes a serious toke.
GINGER: No. But now I don't care.
The boys roar. Between the shrubs, Brigitte looks worried.
GINGER: What?
BANG! The truck doors are thrown open by Sam. He's livid.
SAM: The fuck are you doing in here?!

JASON: Sam, we just needed a place to--
SAM: Get out! Right now! Get!
Sam grabs Brigitte, who's closest.
BRIGITTE: (slapping him away) DON’T TOUCH ME!
GINGER: Hey!
Brigitte puts herself between Ginger and Sam.
SAM: Kid, sorry, I'm sorry—
TRINA: (O/S) Samuel?! What happened to your truck!?
SAM: Ah, fuck.
Trina arrives with her dog, Morley. Jason slips the rest of the joint to Ginger. She tokes. Brigitte bugs her eyes at Ginger.
SAM: I tapped a tree, I tapped a tree. Bye.
BRIGITTE: (under her breath) Liar.
SAM: (to Brigitte) What did you say?
TRINA: (noting Brigitte and Ginger) What's with the freak fest?
Morley jumps in. Ginger eyes Morley. Morley eyes Ginger.
SAM: (to Brigitte) What did you just say?
Before Ginger, Morley’s hackles rise. He trembles.
BRIGITTE: Can we please go?
Morley bares his teeth at Ginger. Ginger slides to her feet.
TRINA: Yeah, stick with your own species, Fitzenstein.
GINGER: Trina, suck my fist.
The boys roar. Morley barks and springs at Ginger. Ginger lunges for the door. Sam and Trina leap in after Morley. Mayhem as all dodge Ginger and fail to stop Morley.
Ginger kicks Morley hard in the snout. He falls, stunned. Sam grabs him by the collar.
GINGER: S-sorry, I...
TRINA: (shoving her) Bitch!
Ginger stumbles backward. Brigitte breaks her fall.
BRIGITTE: (grabbing Ginger) Let's go.
Ginger exits. Brigitte follows. Sam and Jason watch them go.
JASON: Shit. Way to go, Sinclair.
INT. SCHOOL WASHROOM PROPER ~ DAY
Alone, Brigitte checks her watch.
BRIGITTE: Ginge', c'mon, say something. (silence) I don't know if you're mad at me still, or again, or you're freaked or what here.
Silence. Brigitte plops her bag on the counter. Something whirs within. She digs out the Polaroid camera. Spots something jammed in the photo dispenser. Pulls a mangled photo free. It develops: a streaky blur of silver fur, a fang, and what could be an ice-blue eye.
Brigitte leans back against the stall doors. And falls in.
INT. WASHROOM STALL ~ DAY
Stoned Ginger shrieks as Brigitte lands on her. Her shirt is open. Ginger has sprouted a thin line of hair down her chest.
GINGER: Look at it! Whoa?! I can't have a hairy chest, Bee, that's fucked!
BRIGITTE: No. Way. This is...no. No way.
GINGER: You're always so fucking helpful.
BRIGITTE: (offering the Polaroid) This is from last night.
GINGER: Big whoop, I'm Wookie Girl here?!
BRIGITTE: Ginge', I don't know, okay, but, like, that is not a dog. Is it? Like—!
Brigitte looks meaningfully at Ginger.

GINGER: What? WHAT?!
BRIGITTE: Bitten. On a full moon. Now you're hairy?
Ginger consults the photo again. And cracks up.
BRIGITTE: I know, but think about it.
Ginger abruptly sobers.
GINGER: Thanks for taking my total FUCKING NIGHTMARE so seriously.
There's a spattering sound. They look down at Ginger's feet. Brigitte covers her mouth and looks away.
BRIGITTE: Th— that’s a lot of blood. I— I— I’d see the nurse on that.
GINGER: W-well, you’re kind of a s-suck.
BRIGITTE: No, that’s a lot of blood!
INT. SCHOOL NURSE'S OFFICE — DAY
Super-keen earth-mother NURSE FERRY is very pregnant. Her swollen belly looms before Brigitte. Ginger is stoned.
FERRY: I’m sure it seems like a lot of blood, honey — it’s a period!
GINGER: But really, it was like, a — a—
BRIGITTE: Geyser.
Nurse Ferry heaps a pile of hygiene samples on both girls.
FERRY: We shed less than a cup of uterine lining a month, but when we see that red stuff oozing out we always panic!
Brigitte taps her own chest and mouths “Tell her.” Ginger's too stoned — she shrugs, confused.
FERRY: Now, neither of you have had a period and you're how old?
GINGER: (explained a thousand times) I’m almost sixteen, she just turned fifteen. She skipped a grade.
FERRY: Uh-huh. Well. A thick, syrupy, and voluminous discharge is not uncommon. In three to five days you’ll find lighter, bright red bleeding. That turns to a brownish or blackish sludge, signaling the end of the flow.
GINGER: So — it's normal?
Ferry hands her a pocket-sized feminine hygiene calendar.
FERRY: Yes! Mark the day you started, count twenty-eight days and it comes again. The cycle will repeat itself every month for the next thirty years.
Brigitte looks intensely skeptical. But Ginger rises.
GINGER: Great, well, thanks.
BRIGITTE: Wh-what about hair that wasn't there before, and — and pain, and —?
Ginger shoots her a damning look.
FERRY: All comes with the territory!
GINGER: Thanks, let's go, Bee.
FERRY: Ah, ah. Now on top of STDs you have to protect against pregnancy. So play safe!
Ferry gives them each a condom. Looking like she's just been handed a turd, Brigitte lets Ginger drag her out.
INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM ~ DAY
Pamela is sorting dirty clothes. She finds Ginger’s extremely bloody skirt. Then her extremely bloody underwear.
INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM ~ NIGHT
Henry eats. Looking happier, Ginger wolfs chicken wings, snapping the bones in her teeth. Brigitte stares.
GINGER: (fakes growling and snorting) Wish these were babies' legs.
Pamela sails in with a pink cake ablaze with sparklers. She sets it before Ginger. The icing reads: “FOR A FINE YOUNG LADY.” Ginger chokes on her chicken.
PAMELA: Congratulations, sweetheart. You know you can ask me anything.
GINGER: (to Brigitte) You're so dead.

BRIGITTE: I didn’t!
Ginger shoves Brigitte away. Too hard. They're both unnerved.
BRIGITTE: (indicates Ginger's arm) You're wearing a guy's phone number. Something is definitely wrong with you.
GINGER: Oh-ho, wait! I sees a monster. Yeah! It's got these green eyes.
BRIGITTE: Oh yeah, I wish I was hemorrhaging and hairy and sucking off Jason McCardy.
GINGER: Well, you always wanted to be me.
BRIGITTE: Well, this isn't you, so.
GINGER: Poor Bee. I'm growing up. And obviously you're not.
BRIGITTE: Don't let me hold you back or anything.
GINGER: Don't worry, I won't.
Ginger stalks into their room and slams the door. Brigitte flinches as it locks.
EXT. HIGH SCHOOL GROUNDS ~ DAY
The trees are now almost bare. The grass is dying. It’s cold. Ginger struts past Brigitte, holding Jason's hand and making a show of what a good time she's having.
Brigitte considers the book open on her lap with pictures of traditional werewolves. Slams it shut. Slips a flowery volume out of her bag: “Becoming a Woman: Understanding the New You.”
EXT. NORMAN'S BACKYARD ~ DAWN
There is frost. In hockey gear, a LITTLE KID waddles out with a full dog dish bearing Norman's name. He drops the dish.
LITTLE KID: MmmmMOM?!
INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM ~ DAWN
Screams outside. Under a booklet called “All About Ovulation,” Brigitte starts awake. The window is open, freezing air blasting in. Ginger’s bed is empty.
INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM ~ DAWN
The bathroom is a mess. Wet, soiled towels are jammed around the base of the toilet. Brigitte peers in the bowl. She withdraws a dog tag. It reads: “Norman.”
EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW ~ DAWN
Brigitte slowly walks along the fence shared with Norman's place. SPCA WORKERS and COPS are gathered next door. The hockey kid and his parents are hysterical.
WOMAN NEXT DOOR
It should be shot! I want it DEAD!
Murdered Norman's entrails are strewn over the yard.
EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT ~ DAY
Ginger’s trembling, long-nailed fingers lower the hood to her kangaroo jacket. Her hair is a fetchingly streaked with silver.
JASON: Whoo-hoo baby, that's the bomb!
Ginger pounces on him, kissing and tugging at his clothes.
On the next car, Trina, Ben, Cal, and Tim smoke and stare. Brigitte arrives, slowing as she sees Ginger's hair.
TRINA: Hey, get your slut-bitch sister a leash.
BRIGITTE: Ginger. A word… Please?
GINGER: Is it, “sorry”?
BRIGITTE: (flashes Norman's tag) Ah, no.
Shaking her head, Ginger looks to Jason. She withdraws a wrapped condom from his front pants pocket.
JASON: Finally! Let's go!
Ginger slides into his car.
BRIGITTE: No! Ginger! She's-- she's-- ovulating!

Everyone cracks up, but Ginger gives Brigitte an utterly wounded look. Jason drives her off. Left alone, Brigitte pulls out her camera. Aims it at herself. Beat. She slams it to the pavement. Kicks it.
EXT. PERIMETER OF SCHOOL FIELD ~ DAY
Sam hacks dead wood from trees with a chainsaw. Brigitte hovers behind him. He turns on her, saw screaming. They both start. Sam cuts the motor. Brigitte nervously feigns a Gingeresque “casual.”
BRIGITTE: Y-you've really got it in for trees.
SAM: I got it in for all kinds of things.
BRIGITTE: Like the non-trees on Highway 14 ten days ago about nine o'clock? A-at night.
SAM: You're too young to be undercover. You wearing a wire?
BRIGITTE: The cops here can’t catch a dog killer, you really think they'd be up to a sting? Besides, eyewitness testimony is enough to lay charges on hit and run. Don't you watch TV?
SAM: Nope. Too visually unnerving. All the cuts. All that bastardizing of anthem tunes. Makes me queasy.
BRIGITTE: ...I don't have a very good sense of humor.
SAM: But there’s so much to laugh at.
BRIGITTE: Look, I saw you. I saw everything.
Sam sinks to a seat. He considers her a moment.
SAM: I don't know what you junior extortionists go after these days but... you should know I don’t sleep now. I wonder who it was all night long.
BRIGITTE: If they were still who they were—
SAM: Yeah, who they'd be, who they'd fuck...
BRIGITTE: No, I mean before they changed.
SAM: Changed from what, alive?
BRIGITTE: You mean you didn’t — you didn't see.
SAM: No, but I do see that I owe you my freedom because apparently you are not a snitch.
BRIGITTE: Yeah, I guess. I— is that a pentagram?
Confused, Sam reaches for his earring.
SAM: You like it? Here. It's yours.
Brigitte warily accepts the charm. Their eyes meet.
BRIGITTE: Are you into — like, occult stuff?
SAM: No, I just liked the design. But it's solid silver. The ancients thought silver purified the blood.
BRIGITTE: Silver bullets? Like for lycanthropy?
SAM: Mythic ends for mythic mammals — reasonable unreasonables. Are you flirting with me?
BRIGITTE: Wh-what?!
SAM: Hey, if that's where this is going—
BRIGITTE: I never “flirt”!
Brigitte stumbles and wipes out. Sam squats next to her.
SAM: You gotta tell me what you want. The guilt's bad enough, never mind being yanked around. That's cruel. Life's ugly enough. You know?
Brigitte nods. She takes his hand up. He holds on.
SAM: I sense you're decent. In a weird way.
BRIGITTE: Well, it's not 'cause I “like” you.
Brigitte twists free and marches off.
SAM: Fuck, if I could get you a sense of humor I would! Really! Well, whatever you do want — seriously. Alright?! Hey?! I don't know your name!?
EXT. NEW DEVELOPMENT SITE - DUSK
Jason's car is parked before an unfinished home.
INT. JASON:'S CAR AT NEW DEVELOPMENT - DUSK
Ginger and Jason are in a heavy make-out session. Her stomach growls. He pulls back.

JASON: Hey, relax. We got all night.
Ginger continues. He holds her back.
GINGER: Sorry, you just taste — really good....
JASON: Just lie back and relax.
GINGER: You lie back and relax.
JASON: Hey — who's the guy here?
Beat. Ginger pounces on him, shoves him flat on his back.
JASON: What the--?
She tears his shirt apart and cinches his arms with it, rendering them useless.
JASON: Wait — don't!
She leaps on top of him. He struggles, but she's stronger.
JASON: OW! Stop, stop!
She pushes his chin up so he can't see her. Her top rides up over her back: the moonlight catches soft, translucent silver hairs just dusting her slightly jutting spine.
GINGER: Who's the guy here? Who's the guy?! You're hilarious, Caveboy.
Ginger slams Jason's wrists still. The condom he was palming goes flying.
INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM ~ NIGHT
Dinner's on. Brigitte's plate sits untouched. She fingers Sam's charm. She glares at Ginger's empty chair. The back door slams. Someone runs downstairs. Brigitte leaps up.
PAMELA: Boyfriends come and go but sisters are forever. She needs her space. Your turn is coming, too, one day.
Brigitte extricates herself.
INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM / BATHROOM ~ NIGHT
Retching from the bathroom. Brigitte nudges the door open. Inside, a vomiting Ginger is stripped to her bra and panties. Her jutting spine ends in a small nub at its base — an inch-long, pink tail. Ginger covers it with her long-nailed hand.
GINGER: Get out!
Ginger has blood at the corners of her mouth. Brigitte slams the door shut.
INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT ~ NIGHT
Rushing, Brigitte turns on the TV. Fixes a glass of Alka-Seltzer. Sets it down. Arranges herself casually on the sofa. Ginger enters, now in a robe. Brigitte feigns being absorbed in the TV show.
BRIGITTE: (indicating the drink) The stuff I take at exams. It helps.
Suspicious, Ginger sniffs it. She drinks it down.
BRIGITTE: Not going bulimic, I hope.
GINGER: ...Just something I ate.
Brigitte nods, watching the TV. Beat. Ginger lights a smoke.
GINGER: I lost it tonight.
Brigitte stares at the TV, poker-faced.
BRIGITTE: How was it?
GINGER: Overrated. Too much pushing and shoving.
Ginger offers her smoke. Brigitte takes it.
BRIGITTE: If he hurt you, you should tell.
GINGER: Don't worry, I hurt him back.
BRIGITTE: ...Good.
Ginger laughs. Their eyes meet. Beat.
GINGER: I miss you, Bee.
BRIGITTE: Me too. I'm shit... You're always there for me and I'm a worthless piece of shit.
GINGER: I'm not a monster.

BRIGITTE: I know you're not.
Brigitte offers her scarred palm. Ginger presses hers to it.
BRIGITTE: I got you something wicked.
GINGER: Wicked's good.
INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM ~ NIGHT
Brigitte passes an enormous darning needle through a flame. She wears plastic gloves.
BRIGITTE: So. Losing your virginity. Out of ten?
GINGER: Negative two.
Ginger lies on her bed, tweezing downy hair from her scars. Her stomach is a svelte hollow between sharp hip bones, her ribs show. A thin line of hair trickles from her navel to her crotch.
GINGER: It's cold. Like... Drooling. Fingering. Pain. Blood. Regret.
BRIGITTE: Romantic.
GINGER: Yeah, don't believe the hype. The best part is wanting it. Then it isn't it.
INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM ~ NIGHT
Brigitte straddles Ginger, dousing a cotton ball in rubbing alcohol. Ginger inspects her face as Brigitte eyes her body.
BRIGITTE: Yeah, but look at you. You're so hot. Maybe it was just — with him.
GINGER: A guy's just not what a girl really needs.
Brigitte swabs the navel with the cotton ball.
BRIGITTE: So what do you need?
GINGER: Where'd you get this charm?
BRIGITTE: I found it. What do you need, c'mon.
GINGER: I need this.
Ginger places the charm between her teeth and grabs the bed.
BRIGITTE: C'mon. This can't be it.
Brigitte pinches up the rim of Ginger's navel.
BRIGITTE: It's going to hurt. How can this be it?
Brigitte levels the needle at the rim of skin.
GINGER: I meant us.
Beat. Brigitte presses the needle in. Ginger arches her back.
GINGER: AAAArr-rraghh!
The needle gets halfway through, then sticks. Brigitte wiggles it and pushes harder. Blood appears.
BRIGITTE: Shit! It's stuck!
Ginger's nails tear the mattress.
GINGER: Fu-uck! Hurry!
Brigitte yanks the needle; it finally moves. Brigitte takes the charm from Ginger's clenched jaws — a second row of teeth is just coming through her gums — like a shark.
GINGER: Finish it!
Brigitte sets the charm once, twice — it catches on the third try — on the end of the needle. She loops it through, pulling the needle clear. Brigitte falls back, panicked. Ginger sits up, wiping copious spittle from her lips.
BRIGITTE: ...H-how do you feel?
GINGER: Fucking ALIVE. Now you need something.
EXT. HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE ~ DAY
Two booted feet kick the double doors open.
INT. HIGH SCHOOL ~ DAY
Dozens of heads turn. Ginger's navel is bared. Brigitte's hair is slung back in saucy braids, her outfit as revealing as Ginger's. Ginger prowls through the student body like a hot knife through butter. Brigitte fumbles to follow suit. They are greeted with a verbal wave of male approval.

GINGER: Suckers.
Brigitte notes Mr. Wayne eyeing her. She trips.
EXT. SPORTS FIELD PERIMETER ~ DAY
Ginger and Brigitte parade by dressed for lacrosse. Tim, Ben, and Cal hoot. Bruised, scratched, and fat-lipped, Jason trails.
JASON: Ginger! Ginger! C’mon, slow down!
Brigitte turns on Jason.
BRIGITTE: Clue. Look up “troglodyte.”
Ginger pulls Brigitte on. Jason stops cold.
CAL: Whoa, McCardy. What happened to you?
TIM: Get your period or something?
Jason looks down. There's a small red stain on his fly.
JASON: Shit... it must be ink. Fuck.
Jason heads off, shielding his crotch.
EXT. FIELD SIDELINES ~ DAY
GINGER: A simple make-over and she walks the walk, talks the talk, she kills! You were amazing—
A sharp whistle sounds. Sam is at the fence. Trina lights up, waves. Sam waves her off and beckons at the Fitzgeralds.
GINGER: Geezuz, even grown men. You perv!
Ginger gives Sam the finger. Brigitte pulls her hand down.
SAM: Brigitte Fitzgerald!
Both Ginger and Trina are dumbstruck.
BRIGITTE: I’ll — he's just — I’ll be r-right back.
EXT. SCHOOL FENCE ~ DAY
Brigitte cautiously heads over. Everybody's gawking. They speak through the fence.
SAM: It's been days, "Bee"
BRIGITTE: I'm in class here. I'm in limbo until I know I've squared with you. Unless of course you're full of shit.
BRIGITTE: A-are you on drugs, like, right now?
SAM: You didn't squeal. Yet you came to me for something. Like maybe to check what I might’ve seen? Like maybe you were as involved as me. Huh? Huh!?
The whistle blows for a line change.
BRIGITTE: Amusing. Yet inaccurate. I didn't kill anybody. I’ll get back on what I want.
SAM: You're driving me crazy, you know!
EXT. SCHOOL SPORTS FIELD PROPER ~ DAY
Everyone heard that. Brigitte takes her position.
GINGER: The fuck's that about?
TRINA: So sluts run in the family. Quel shocker.
The whistle goes. Play begins. Brigitte slams into Trina with all her might. Trina easily knocks her down. Ginger shoves Trina back, hard. Trina dives at Ginger's legs, knocking her down. Ginger rolls to her feet. Ginger's knee joint has snapped backward, like a dog’s.
BRIGITTE: (to herself) So silver purifies shit.
The whistle goes. Play stops. Everyone gasps. Sykes gags.
SYKES: Ew, gross — it’s dislocated! Eeeew...
Ginger shifts her weight, snapping it back again with a drooling grin. The moans crescendo to a freaked-out cheer.
Gingers leaps on Trina, knocking her down. Sykes is oblivious, retching. Ginger jams her fist into Trina's face, drawing blood on first strike. The crowd goes wild. Trina doubles up, but Ginger jams her

knee repeatedly into Trina's crotch. The cheering peters out.
BRIGITTE: STOP IT! GINGER, STOP!
Brigitte stops Ginger in mid-blow. Trina lies bawling in the fetal position. Ginger sucks the blood off her fingers.
GINGER: (giggling) You fuckin' started it.
Trina coughs up blood. Mr. Wayne runs up.
WAYNE: Ginger. My office. Right away.
INT. BOYS' BATHROOM ~ DAY
Jason limps to a urinal. He unzips, hesitates, and pees. Blood fills the basin. He screams.
INT. HALL OUTSIDE WAYNE'S OFFICE ~ DAY
Brigitte looks up from where she waits. Sweat-soaked Jason walks out of the bathroom, covering himself and doubling up in pain.
JASON: What are you looking at?!
Brigitte takes in his bloody pants, his wild eyes.
JASON: My pen exploded, okay?! My red pen!
There's a crash behind Mr. Wayne's office door.
INT. MR. WAYNE'S OFFICE ~ DAY
Brigitte runs in. The office is plastered with terrible student art. Ginger is throwing a tantrum.
MR. WAYNE: This is a private is a private session!
BRIGITTE: On what?
GINGER: Jerkwad is getting me suspended!
MR. WAYNE: Sit down, Ginger.
Taken aback, Ginger does. Brigitte takes a seat too.
MR. WAYNE: We have a "Zero Tolerance for Violence" policy, which means your sister will be punished, your parents informed. A temper like this is inexcusable, barring substantial extenuating circumstances.
GINGER: Yeah? But—
BRIGITTE: What exactly do you mean by extenuating circumstances?
MR. WAYNE: Something that may make me alter my advice to the Principal on the matter.
BRIGITTE: Do you have kids, Mr. Wayne?
MR. WAYNE: Two.
BRIGITTE: What do you tell them to do when they encounter a sexual predator?
MR. WAYNE: What?
BRIGITTE: The thing is, I know my sister. And she doesn't respond well to negative reinforcement. At all. So, you drop the suspension idea? And we'll forget you tried to have a "private session" with her.
Mr. Wayne looks incredulous. So does Ginger.
INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM ~ DAY
The girls come in from school. Ginger is blissed.
GINGER: You RULE! You were the complete shit — the BOMB! Get your camera out, this moment is totally art-worthy.
BRIGITTE: Great. So stop lying to me. I do know.
GINGER: No. You don't.
BRIGITTE: You really think I'm that stupid?
GINGER: No. You canNOT be in this.
BRIGITTE: You'd be in it for me.
GINGER: (hysterical laughter) I'd be in it for you 'cause you'd go girl-panic and let it fuck you up!
BRIGITTE: And you aren't? You gave it to Jason. You had unprotected sex, Ginger. That's fucked up!
Beat. Ginger fumbles with the 35mm camera, shaken.
GINGER: Well, shit happens, right. Shit you can't be in on. I'm doing you a favor. (lifting camera) Now

smile and say “cunnilingus.”
Flash! Furious, Brigitte gives Ginger the finger.
INT. COUNTY GREENHOUSE ~ DAY
Native war drums deafen. Sam lies in a crucifix position in a long, dense bed of seedlings, being misted by nozzles from above. He has a large knife between his teeth.
Brigitte enters. Sam opens his eyes, spots her, and bolts up -- cutting his mouth and hands with the knife.
SAM: Goddamn!
BRIGITTE: I— I can come back—
SAM: NO!
BRIGITTE: I know what you can do for me. So, you know — just — a-all I want is this...
Brigitte edges close enough to show her hand. Sam grabs it. “Aconitum Lycoctonum” is written over her scar.
SAM: Oh, I don't think so.
BRIGITTE: What, it's a plant, isn't it?
SAM: Wolfsbane? Yeah. It's an herb.
BRIGITTE: Don't you have it?
SAM: Yeah, right next to the hemlock.
BRIGITTE: It's poison?! I thought it was a cure!
SAM: It'll cure you all right — of living.
Brigitte fights tears, and fails.
SAM: Wait, uh. Ranunculaceae. Like hell and opportunities, they come in many forms.
Sam pulls a heavy reference book out of a nearby tree.
SAM: Uh... Monkshood's a cousin. Still toxic, but as with all things, dosage is everything.
He flips to a picture of long, thin stalks with blue-hooded flowers.
BRIGITTE: Do you have any?
SAM: It's seasonal. It's all over the place in spring, but right now — forget it.
BRIGITTE: FUCK!
SAM: Oh, Geezuz, I'll grow it for you! You can't send me up on this bullshit!
BRIGITTE: ...I have to show you something.
EXT. HIGHWAY ROADSIDE ~ DAY
Flies buzz. Sam and Brigitte consider something unseen but smelly on the ground before them.
SAM: What is that?
BRIGITTE: What you hit.
SAM: That's not a fucking person. I didn't kill somebody. You little—!
BRIGITTE: I tried to tell you, you blew it off! Lycanthropes — phht!
SAM: Lycan—? (he laughs) You think that’s a — yeah, okay. Hey, send me a postcard from the nut farm.
Sam walks back to his parked van nearby.
BRIGITTE: You asshole.
SAM: I'm an asshole?!
BRIGITTE: You dress different, talk different — you're from a different world than me. but you're just as myopic as everybody else. There can't possibly be more to the world than meets your cowardly world view. Nah, you live your little farce on freedom. Much easier. I know, I know! But they go on cause we're lazy and scared and selfish and stupid.
Sam is awestruck. Brigitte stalks past him to the truck.
BRIGITTE: I'd like a ride back to my house if it's not too much trouble. Then I promise we're so done.
She climbs in and slams the door. Sam reconsiders the unseen carcass.
INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM - DUSK

A fashion magazine goes flying into the toilet. Ginger's in the tub with a razor. She sets a painted-nail foot on the tub rim and grimaces. Twisting, she finds a slim black claw breaking the skin just over her heel. She kicks the tub wall; the tile cracks.
Beat. Pamela peers in.
PAMELA: Your father's battery's dead again, you want to come for a ride?
GINGER: (closing the shower curtain) Geezuz, can't you KNOCK!
PAMELA: (pulling at the curtain) Don't you geezuz me. You haven't got anything I haven't seen before.
GINGER: That's what you think.
PAMELA: What's that supposed to mean?
GINGER: N-nothing... I'm just fat! All right, GET OUT!
PAMELA: You are not fat, Ginger. Stop reading these foolish magazines. These girls are all on speed to look like that, you know!
GINGER: GET OOOOOUT!
Pamela exits.
INT. SAM'S VAN OUTSIDE FITZGERALD HOME - DUSK
Sam brakes. Brigitte pops the door.
SAM: This cure you're after. It's for you, isn't it?
BRIGITTE: Spare me the “interest.”
SAM: Too late.
They trade a long look. Brigitte breaks it, getting out.
EXT. FITZGERALD HOUSE - DUSK
Pamela stops cold before her minivan. She sees Brigitte watching Sam drive off. Pamela opens her mouth, then shuts it. They circle one another in silence. Pamela gets into her van and drives off.
EXT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD - DUSK
Brigitte rounds the corner of the house. Morley barks and snaps at her, straining at his lead. He's frenzied.
TRINA: Uh-oh. No big sister. Sca-a-ry.
Trina looks like a disaster film survivor. Her bandaged wounds are bleeding through. Morley barks at the house.
TRINA: I feel sorry for you.
INT. FITZGERALD KITCHEN - DUSK
Sweat-soaked Ginger leaps to the window. Her tail springs loose and swings wildly. It's a foot long, an inch thick. She trembles. Her hair bristles on the back of her neck.
INT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD - DUSK
Morley is going nuts, hackles up, at the back door.
TRINA: He doesn't like you. He's a cherry hound. He's into virgins.
BRIGITTE: (eyeing the windows, the door) Trina, you're bleeding. Take the dog and go home.
TRINA: If you're so fucking smart you won't give him the satisfaction. Somebody just once shouldn't give that fucker the satisfaction.
Trina gives into a good cry. Morley yanks her hard.
BRIGITTE: Trina, go NOW!
TRINA: You're as big a slut as your sister.
BRIGITTE: I am not! I'm trying to—
Trina yanks Morley to face Brigitte. She drops his lead.
TRINA: Sick her.
The back door flies open. A blur of speed, Ginger pounces on Morley, scoops him up, and with one deft crack, snaps his neck. One slice eviscerates him. Ginger moans. She chucks him.
GINGER: (elated, to Trina) Back for more, Meat?
Trina opens her mouth to scream. Ginger leaps on her and jams her hand over her mouth.

BRIGITTE: Wh-wh-what're you doing!
Porch lights start switching on around them. Trina struggles.
GINGER: (dragging Trina) You want in? Hide the dog.
BRIGITTE: What?!
The Neighbors next door start to open.
GINGER: (backing inside) Get a grip and hide the fucking dog.
The door slams shut behind Trina and Ginger. Neighbors look around, see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing, and go back inside. The porch lights go out.
INT. FITZGERALD KITCHEN ~ NIGHT
Brigitte enters, soiled and bloody. Ginger sits on the floor holding Trina between her legs, a hand clamped over her mouth.
GINGER: (to Trina) You smell yummy, what is that? (tasting the back of her neck) Mmmm... citrus or antiseptic, not sure...
BRIGITTE: Are you crazy!?
GINGER: See, I told you you'd panic.
BRIGITTE: Okay, let's just chill to full kick, right Trina?!
Trina tries to nod.
GINGER: Earth calling Brrr-igitte, she hates your guts. She'd suck your left tit now and still hawk a wad when you walk away. Hey. A little 'touch' Search and Destroy?!
BRIGITTE: Hilarious, Ginge', let her go.
GINGER: Aw, we're just playing, right 'love muff'?
Trina's eyes bulge; she cries in protest.
BRIGITTE: She's an asshole, she's not worth this.
GINGER: She asked for this—
BRIGITTE: In a few days we'll all be asking for it! This is not you, just... let's cope...
GINGER: (laughing, wrenching off her navel ring) What, with this kind of shit? (she swallows it, sarcastic) Comic book rules, Bee. You can't fix this.
BRIGITTE: You don't know that! Gimme a chance!
GINGER: (hauling Trina up) No, see. All you do is suck and hide in your precious tiny mind. BORING! USELESS! And I'm like — I'm heading out there, Bee. I'm going way far from where you live. If you really think about it, it could actually pretty much fucking rule!
BRIGITTE: (moving toward them) That's crap and you know it!
Trina eyes the knives in the knife block a few inches from her face.
GINGER: Don't fuck with me now, Bee, or someone'll really get hurt—
Trina throws up through Ginger's hand. Ginger flings her wet hand free and shoves Trina toward the sink.
GINGER: Aw, for fuck's sake, that's disgusting.
Trina grabs a knife and whirls on them with it.
TRINA: Stay away, both of you get away...
Trina knocks a glass pitcher full of milk to the floor. It breaks. Trina jumps and Ginger grabs her, gets the knife, and chucks it.
BRIGITTE: Okay, stop—
Trina slips on the wet floor. Frothing, Ginger pounces. Trina cracks her head, hard, on the corner of the counter. Trina lands crunching on the glass, limp. Blood seeps from her head into the milk.
GINGER: Uh oh.
Ginger looks from the blood to Trina's dead eyes. Saliva slips from Ginger's lips. She shudders with arousal.
BRIGITTE: Oh no. Oh no. No. No, no, nononoooo...
EXT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD ~ NIGHT

The garage door begins to rise.
INT. FITZGERALD KITCHEN ~ NIGHT
Brigitte gasps. A minivan is crawling up the drive outside.
BRIGITTE: Get up, get up, get up! C'mon!
INT. FITZGERALD GARAGE ~ NIGHT
The Fitzgerald minivan coasts into the garage. The trunk pops open, revealing a dozen full grocery bags.
INT. FITZGERALD KITCHEN ~ NIGHT
Pamela stops cold. Henry bangs into her. There is a body in a pool of bloody milk on the floor.
PAMELA: Jesus Christ on a bicycle, what the—!
A very flushed Brigitte pops a shot of the Polaroid.
PAMELA: I told you, no more deaths in the house!
Ginger sits up, brushing glass shards away. Her smile is positively beatific.
GINGER: Don't be mad, it's for extra credit.
PAMELA: (softening) Well, I want it back to immaculate in ten minutes. I better get this meat away.
Pamela fishes out meat packets and heads for the stairs to the basement. Brigitte follows her out.
BRIGITTE: I'll do that.
Ginger licks the blood from her fingers. She meets Henry's baffled gaze.
GINGER: Mmm-mm. Corn syrup, Daddy. Want some?
Henry shakes his head.
INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT ~ NIGHT
Pamela heads for a deluxe deep freezer. She lifts the lid.
BRIGITTE: Mom!
Pamela looks at her.
PAMELA: What?!
In the freezer, Trina's hand rests palm up on the frozen veg. Pamela's handful of meat hovers over it.
BRIGITTE: W-w-wh-what do you think guys want?
Pamela drops her meat into Trina's waiting palm — without looking in — and drops the door shut.
PAMELA: Oh, Brigitte. I'm so glad you asked.
INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM ~ NIGHT
Ginger discovers her nails are now retractable; fascinated, she slides the middle one in and out.
Oblivious, Pamela is creating 'home accents' with dried flowers.
PAMELA: And that's what men want...
GINGER: Totally.
PAMELA: This Sam person may seem 'cool' and different, but really? They're all the same.
GINGER: You're too young for that jerk, Bee.
BRIGITTE: Well. Thanks for sharing all this...
PAMELA: I'm so happy we can. Uh-oh. Past my night-night time. You two too — get.
Pamela exits. Brigitte glares at a grinning Ginger. Somewhere a door closes. They bolt for the basement stairs.
INT. DEEP FREEZER ~ NIGHT
Brigitte and Ginger peer in. They whisper.
BRIGITTE: This is just — great.
GINGER: Yeah. Lacrosse'll suck now.
BRIGITTE: ...Just get her out of the freezer, okay?
Ginger reaches in and tugs. Trina doesn't budge.
GINGER: Shit.
BRIGITTE: Get me a screwdriver.
Freezer frost sprays as Brigitte chips at Trina. Ginger tries to pull Trina out. Almost, but Trina's hand

still sticks. Brigitte chips more: there is a horrible crack.
BRIGITTE: Oh god.
Brigitte lifts out three severed fingers.
GINGER: Way to go.
EXT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD ~ NIGHT
The girls carry Trina's body past a window with a light on.
INT. HENRY & PAMELA:'S BEDROOM ~ NIGHT
Below the window, Henry and Pamela are in bed. She searches back issues of Chatelaine. Henry watches, looking freaked.
PAMELA: Here it is, “Why Your Daughter Dates Dummies“. I'm so glad I hung on to this.
HENRY: I think they're up to something.
PAMELA: They're being typical teenage girls.
HENRY: Then why are they suddenly so interested in what you have to say?
PAMELA: Go back to your own little world, Henry. This one just confuses you.
Henry rolls his back to her. Pamela looks troubled.
INT. PLAYHOUSE ~ NIGHT
From a corner, Brigitte stares into Trina's dead eyes. Ginger is digging with a shovel. The dirt lands on Morley's body.
BRIGITTE: If I wasn't here, would you eat her?
GINGER: No. It'd be like fucking her. Shit, Bee.
BRIGITTE: ....You do realize we're dead.
GINGER: Hey, no one ever thinks chicks do shit like this. Trust me. A girl can only be a slut, a bitch, a tease, or the harmless girl next door. Just coast on how the world works, Bee.
Ginger rolls Trina into her grave.
BRIGITTE: So we're just going to hope no one gives us any credit to be capable of this?
GINGER: Yeah.
BRIGITTE: Ginge'. That's crazy.
GINGER: ...It is?
INT. FITZGERALD BEDROOM ~ NIGHT
Brigitte stares into space, chewing her nails. Ginger lies in her bed, lowering her palm over a lighter. It singes the coarse, black hairs growing there. She's crying.
GINGER: ...I'll take off.
BRIGITTE: What?!
GINGER: I kill pets, Bee. They'll make me a freak show. Every day, in every way, I get angrier, I get uglier. And nothing helps 'cept reaching into something alive and ripping its hot little heart right out. No one's ever gonna want me like this. I'm poison, even if they did. So fuck it. I'll just. Go. For. The. Show.
BRIGITTE: And just leave me here—!?
GINGER: You'd be better off.
BRIGITTE: I'd NEVER do that to you!
GINGER: Well, that's your problem, isn't it?
BRIGITTE: You need me! You're all ‘Can't fight it, fuck it’! That's not good enough with this! It's going to get you killed!
GINGER: 'Kay, smartass. Have an idea.
BRIGITTE: Running just attracts attention.
GINGER: Well, if there's no cure, I what? Try not to have accidents? Try not to lose my fucking mind? Here?!
BRIGITTE: 'Kay. We let Pam think you're at school. We let school think you're home sick. Just 'til there's no doubt about us and Trina. Then we'll blow.

GINGER: Where?
BRIGITTE: As far away from here as we can.
GINGER: ...You don't have to blow.
BRIGITTE: You can't cope by yourself!
GINGER: But you can cope with me?
BRIGITTE: If you ditch me after all this shit...
GINGER: ....Don't let them get me alive, then.
BRIGITTE: Don't talk like that.
GINGER: I mean it.
Ginger offers her hand. Brigitte hugs her, hard.
EXT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD ~ NIGHT
Trina's severed fingers sit forgotten in the grass.
INT. SCHOOL HALL AT GIRLS' LOCKER ~ DAY
The hall is plastered in Trina-“MISSING” flyers and ads for a party at the county greenhouse. Looking haggard and ill-kempt, Brigitte signs an excuse-note on flowery stationery: “Pamela Fitzgerald.”
P.A. SYSTEM: Starting immediately, certain students may be paged to the office to assist the police regarding Trina Sinclair's disappearance.
CAL: (at next locker) She's dead, man.
A slicked-up-to-party Jason catches a GIRL passing.
JASON: What do you say? Right now?
The girl squirms loose and runs on. Jason pounds the lockers repeatedly, bloodying his own fists. Mr. Wayne yells, runs up.
Brigitte smooths her hair. Adjusts her clothes. And walks with studied nonchalance down the hall.
INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM ~ NIGHT
Dinner's on. Ginger wears her jacket, hood up. Her hair is all silver. Her skin is pale, almost translucent, glowing. Her eyes are rimmed dark, her lashes long and full, setting off her sparkling, darting eyes. She's intensely restless. Pamela eyes both her girls. She avoids Henry's looks.
PAMELA: How was school today?
GINGER: Don't know. Didn't go.
BRIGITTE: We had a field trip.
PAMELA: I didn't sign a form for a field trip—?
GINGER: Daddy? Show me how to drive tonight?
BRIGITTE: Ginge', chill.
PAMELA: Next year. Where did you go?
GINGER: What if next year never comes?
BRIGITTE: Shut up!
PAMELA: Brigitte!
GINGER: Or what? What!
BRIGITTE: Think what. Think why. Test me.
Beat. Ginger storms out. Sighing, Brigitte follows.
PAMELA: I'm calling the school. First thing.
INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM ~ NIGHT
The room looks like a bomb went off. Ginger trashes it some more. By rote, Brigitte shuts the door, locks it. Turns music on loud and huddles in a corner to wait it out. Ginger slams the music off and clutches her chest.
GINGER: My tits hurt, I can't breathe they hurt so bad. I need outta this fucking room.
BRIGITTE: Well, you can't.
Ginger stops short and spits a tooth into her now leathery-padded palm. Her nails are now hooked, black talons.

GINGER: That's five. But I got two more of the new ones — see? (Brigitte looks away) Aw, don't you like baby-sitting, Bee? Huh? It's a big drag, I know.
Brigitte starts righting the room.
GINGER: (digging out hygiene calendar) If you suffer from cramps, yeah — headaches — violent mood swings — unusual cravings, tearfulness, tender little titties?! “We recommend you try vigorous aerobic activity, to stimulate neurotransmitters, boosting those at low levels pre—” ragging out! C'mon, you can't bang biology, Bee-ster. Let's go.
BRIGITTE: PMS is the least of your problems.
There is a pounding at their window. Ginger draws the curtain. Jason's face is covered in horrible acne and patchy, wiry gray stubble. His hair is streaked with silver.
JASON: Ginger! We need to TALK!
GINGER: Fuck. He looks like shit.
He pounds on the glass. It breaks. Brigitte runs between them, beating Jason back with her lacrosse stick.
BRIGITTE: Get out, get out — call Pamela!
GINGER: (trembling with restraint) Let me have him, you got Sam!
BRIGITTE: What?!
Jason grabs the stick and hauls Brigitte right off the floor.
JASON: She's keeping you from me, I'll fucking kill her, we have to be TOGETHER! Can't you see it, we're the same! I need you!
GINGER: (drooling, tensing) Bee, let go!
BRIGITTE: NO!
Ginger kicks Brigitte in the stomach. Brigitte drops. Ginger springs at Jason half-in half-out of the window, clawing at his face, tearing out handfuls of his silvery hair. He covers his head, howling, and backs out.
EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW ~ NIGHT
The porch light comes on and Pamela opens the door.
PAMELA: Hello? Who's out here?!
Bawling, Jason runs off. Ginger slips back inside.
INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM ~ NIGHT
Ginger slides down the wall, bloodied and sobbing. She lands in a heap next to Brigitte.
GINGER: You stupid shit, he could've infected you. Or worse.
INT. GIRLS' ROOM ~ NIGHT
Later. The window is cardboarded up. The dark room is freezing. Brigitte shivers in her bed. Ginger paces, smokes, sweats.
BRIGITTE: How come you haven't infected me? We'd be the same. I wouldn't care either.
GINGER: If we were the same, I'd kill us both. You can do better than this, Bee.
INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM - MORNING
The radio alarm clock goes off at 8:00 AM.
RADIO NEWS VOICE: Happy Halloween everybody, it's—
Ginger's hand slams it off, cracking the plastic casing. She is buff, her delicate musculature bulging tight against her thin, damp skin. She stumbles to the bathroom and closes the door. Brigitte leaps out of bed with a noosed extension cord. Loops it over the handle and ties the other end to the door handle on the closet. Brigitte locks the letter. The toilet flushes inside. The door knob rattles.
GINGER: (O/S) The fuck —? Bee!? Open this fucking door!
Brigitte watches the vibrating length of cord hold the door in place. Ginger bangs viciously on the other side.
BRIGITTE: You can do better than this, too. But we have to deal. You need real help...
GINGER: NO! Don't you dare tell! You fucking sissy, don't be such a girl!

Brigitte kicks the door.
GINGER: (stops pounding) You little bitch. Jason was right. I should be with him. And I'm GOING, TOO!
Brigitte exits.
INT. GIRLS' BATHROOM ~ DAY
Ginger doubles over with pain, bawling.
INT. FITZGERALD DINING ROOM ~ DAY
Pamela is making more dried flower decorations. She jumps as Brigitte appears in the door.
PAMELA: What've you done to her now?
BRIGITTE: Wh-what have I — what have I—!
Brigitte's eyes fall on the dried flowers. Specifically, the purple ones with the thin stalks. She grabs them.
BRIGITTE: What is this?!
PAMELA: (confused by her intensity) It's — it's priest's robe... no, nun's habit...
BRIGITTE: Monkshood. Where did you get it!?
PAMELA: From the yard, in spring. I save them—?
BRIGITTE: Unbelievable!
PAMELA: They're my accent color—?!
The doorbell goes. Brigitte freezes.
INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM ~ DAY
Ginger pulls with all her might to open the bathroom door a few inches. Something cracks. With ferocious effort, Ginger contorts herself through the inches of space.
EXT. FITZGERALD BUNGALOW ~ DAY
COP: Mrs. Fitzgerald? We'd like to talk to Brigitte and Ginger.
PAMELA: What on earth for?
BRIGITTE: I— I'm Brigitte.
Brigitte hides under her hair. The cops trade a smile.
COP: We understand you and your sister had some history with Trina Sinclair?
At the side of the house, a clothed Ginger crawls out of the window. She spots the cruiser in the drive. She takes off unseen.
BRIGITTE: She tried to beat me up. So my sister beat her up. Jason McCardy likes us better.
COP: Jason McCardy?
BRIGITTE: He's mental, though. He told us he was the Beast of Bailey Downs. Like—?
COP: Okay. Thank you, young lady. Ma'am.
PAMELA: Always a boy at the bottom of these things, isn't there.
COP: Procedure sees no sex, ma'am. (winking at Brigitte) But we'll move on just the same.
Brigitte offers a weak, shy smile.
INT. FITZGERALD BASEMENT ~ DAY
Pamela pursues Brigitte. Brigitte has the monkshood.
PAMELA: You tell me what's going on, right now!
Brigitte slams her bedroom door and locks it.
INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM ~ DAY
PAMELA: (O/S) Open this door!
Brigitte sees the mangled bathroom door. Inside: broken razors, hair shavings everywhere. The cardboard in the broken window is ripped off. Brigitte climbs through the window.
INT. BAILEY HIGH HALLS ~ DAY
Barely dressed, Ginger slinks through the quiet school halls; classes are in session. Her stomach growls. She has the flushed, ravaged, oily sheen of a porn queen. She comes across Ben and Cal. She hesitates; her self-consciousness comes off as coy. They greet her. Ginger forces an engaging smile,

peels off her cardigan to reveal a half-buttoned tiny top, and stalks over.
GINGER: You boys seen Jace'?
CAL: Hey, McCardy's been fucked lately, like. (eyeing her up) You going to the greenhouse bash tonight?
GINGER: Are you guys?
CAL: If you are, yeah.
GINGER: (pleased) You better. I'm in charge of the prizes. (flashing them) You too could be a winner.
Ben and Cal's jaws drop.
GINGER: (shirt still up, smile fading) Don't let me down.
Ginger bumps into someone behind her.
MR. WAYNE: Ginger. My office. Now.
Ginger gives him an ominous once-over.
GINGER: 'Kay.
INT. BACK OF SAM:'S TRUCK ON SIDE STREET ~ DAY
Sam flings an axe into the wall of the truck. He moves to pull it out, but something stops him cold.
SAM: For me? You shouldn't have.
Panting, Brigitte stands outside with her dead monkshood.
BRIGITTE: It wouldn't be right if I didn't bring you something problematic...
SAM: Amusing. Yet inaccurate.
He gives her a hand inside. Brigitte scrutinizes his face. He holds her gaze. She shrugs.
BRIGITTE: Are you a cherry hound?
SAM: (snorting a laugh) Where'd you hear that?
She shrugs.
SAM: You see me chasing bubble-gum-breath small-ternatives who can't even spell lycanthrope, never mind know what it means?
Brigitte kisses Sam — long and deep. Surprised, Sam lets her drive. When the kiss ends, Brigitte blinks dizzily.
SAM: Kissing me doesn't make me trustworthy.
BRIGITTE: You could've taken advantage. You didn't.
SAM: I thought about it.
Startled, Brigitte thrusts the monkshood between them.
BRIGITTE: Monkshood. I don't know if you smoke it, or eat it, or... This ‘problem’ it might solve, it's like an infection. It moves through your system from the inside out.
SAM: Got me. Maybe direct route. Inject it. But it's a bad idea, Brigitte. You don't know what it'll do to you.
BRIGITTE: Can't be worse than being roadkill.
SAM: Let me make it. I've got clean gear, take an educated guess about the dose. This is a very dangerous way to get to know one another.
BRIGITTE: It's your last chance.
SAM: Come see me about it tonight. I got the annual Halloweener bash.
BRIGITTE: Tell me you're really doing this.
SAM: That shit you laid on me about being like everybody else? I'd like it not to be true.
BRIGITTE: If I don't show, it's only 'cause it's too late.
Brigitte moves to leave. He catches her hand.
SAM: Show even if it is.
He lets her go.
INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE ~ DAY
MR. WAYNE: Your sister locked you in your bathroom?
Ginger is peeling the fake wood off his desk.

MR. WAYNE: Ginger, do you feel Brigitte had a good reason for doing that to you?
GINGER: ...Yeah.
MR. WAYNE: Well, I don't. Forcibly confining a person is very abusive, dangerous behavior.
GINGER: (cracking up) You think Bee's dangerous?
MR. WAYNE: (dialing the phone) I think we need to talk to your parents about her. Your sister needs help.
Ginger grabs his hand.
GINGER: You leave my sister alone.
INT. SCHOOL HALL AT MAIN ENTRANCE ~ DAY
Brigitte bursts in, breathless. A couple of COPS come up the hall. She slows to a walk. They pass her. The halls ahead seem endless. She spots Cal sniffing Ginger's sweater. A door marked “Maintenance” flies open. Brigitte is yanked inside. The door slams shut.
INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM ~ DAY
Jason pins Brigitte to the wall and unzips his pants. His facial hair has come in with a vengeance. He's all euphoric, exaggerated machismo.
JASON: If I do you, I bet she'll talk to me.
BRIGITTE: You'll be too dead to talk!
JASON: No, I'm feeling pretty good now. I just got a few questions. Like, I'm growin' a goddamn TAIL right outta my ASS, and I thought she might have a few TIPS on how to DEAL with keeping that QUIET!
BRIGITTE: Hurting me won't help—!
Jason smacks her face, sending her to the floor.
JASON: See. I'm up to some WHACKED shit. I mean, I'm way out on the corner of FUCKED UP and EVIL. You wanna know what I did for FUN last night?! (cracking up) I killed my freakin' own dog. Wh-what exactly do I do about that, hunh?!
BRIGITTE: The cops are looking for you, too. You should just go. You're in deep shit.
JASON: (grabbing her) Oh, I am WAY BEYOND DEEP SHIT AND I THINK YOU KNOW WHY!
Brigitte knees Jason. He reels, stumbles and falls.
EXT. HIGH SCHOOL HALL ~ DAY
Brigitte bursts out of the maintenance room.
JANITOR: Eh... eh. What's going on in here?
Jason runs out and off.
BRIGITTE: He just tried to rape me!
Brigitte tears off, almost ramming Nurse Ferry, who curses.
INT. HALL OUTSIDE GUIDANCE OFFICE ~ DAY
Searching, Brigitte double-takes the office door. There's blood seeping under it. She places a trembling hand on the knob. It's locked. She knocks a special knock. It opens just enough for Ginger to yank her in. The door shuts and locks.
INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE ~ DAY
Wild-eyed and blood-splattered, Ginger slams Brigitte against a wall. One of Ginger's eyes is now ice blue.
GINGER: Don't ever fuck me like that again!
BRIGITTE: I didn't — I—!
Brigitte takes in the blood-splashed room. Mr. Wayne stares back at her from the Other Side.
BRIGITTE: Wh-wh-w-wh — oh, oh g-god, Ginge'!
GINGER: He wanted to screw you! See how that works? How I didn't rat you out?!
BRIGITTE: I didn't rat you out!
GINGER: You wanna ditch, I can smell it. I can smell guy too. Why do I smell guy, Bee?
BRIGITTE: I was getting a cure for you!

GINGER: Oh yeah? Where is it?
BRIGITTE: We'll get it tonight!
GINGER: Big party at Sam's tonight, too. What a coinky-dink. Did you tell him?
BRIGITTE: No! No! Oh shit, this — this is b-bad!
GINGER: 'Cause you know, Bee. Boyfriends come and go. Sisters — we're fucking forever.
BRIGITTE: He's not a boyfriend, he can help us!
GINGER: Oh my GAWD, you are SUCH a virgin! You cannot USE ‘he’ and ‘help’ together. GROW UP. They'll say anything to get into your pants, where have you been?!
Beat. Brigitte snaps the lights off and checks that the door is locked.
BRIGITTE: We'll wait 'til everyone goes. Clean this up — somehow. Then —
GINGER: (terrible, jagged grin) Then we'll hit the road. I don't know what you've been up to, but it's bound to cock up somehow.
Brigitte lowers her eyes before Ginger's burning glare.
EXT. FITZGERALD BACKYARD - LATE DAY
Pamela is burying bulbs in her flower beds. She sees the freshly turned earth in the playhouse. Henry is raking.
HENRY Oh god, Pamela!
Trina's three severed fingers are tangled in his rake's spokes.
PAMELA: Henry. For Pete's sake. They're from the girls' death project. (picking them up) They're fake. Big baby.
Henry almost loses his lunch. Pamela hefts the fingers and strides for the door.
INT. FITZGERALD KITCHEN - LATE DAY
Pamela drops the fingers into a Tupperware-type container, seals it, burps it, and places it at the back of the fridge. She leans heavily against the counter.
EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - LATE DAY
School is out. Students and staff flock off.
EXT. HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS FIELD - DUSK
Little HALLOWEENERS trundle by in costume, with a heavy guard of wary PARENTS. The school sits silent.
EXT. HALL OUTSIDE GUIDANCE OFFICE ~ NIGHT
The lock pops on the office door. Brigitte peers out. She backs out with a wheeled cloth cart full of basketballs. Mr. Wayne's feet stick out.
BRIGITTE: I'll be right back. Lock up. Wait here.
Inside, pained Ginger is curled up in a cold sweat, trembling. She nods. Brigitte slowly closes the door between them. It locks behind her.
INT. ANOTHER HALL ~ NIGHT
Brigitte turns a corner, pushing the cart. A second later, the janitor appears in an intersecting hall, pushing his cleaning cart, heading the opposite way.
INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE ~ NIGHT
Ginger shudders with pain. She lowers her waistband, slips her hand in, and withdraws — inch by inch — her two-foot tail. It flutters in her hand. She wrenches it, sending herself a spike of maddening pain. She rolls on the floor, writhing.
INT. HALL OUTSIDE GUIDANCE OFFICE ~ NIGHT
The janitor pushes his cart up the hall.
INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE ~ NIGHT
The janitor's footsteps approach. Ginger coils her tail into her waistband and crawls to the door.
INT. HALL OUTSIDE GUIDANCE OFFICE ~ NIGHT
The janitor wheels up to the guidance office door. He slides his key in the lock.
INT. GUIDANCE OFFICE ~ NIGHT

Ginger braces herself against the door, bristling.
INT. HALL OUTSIDE GUIDANCE OFFICE ~ NIGHT
The janitor tries to push the door open. He pushes again. Harder. Puts his shoulder into it. Ramming it over and over. He steps back, cursing it. The door clicks open a twitch.
INT. ANOTHER HALL ~ NIGHT
Brigitte rounds a corner. She gasps.
INT. HALL OUTSIDE GUIDANCE OFFICE ~ NIGHT
The janitor crawls toward her, gripping his slashed, bleeding throat. His cry is only a gurgling whistle.
BRIGITTE: Oh no, oh no, no, no...
The janitor reaches out to Brigitte. Ginger stomps on his hands. His fingers snap. Ginger grabs his head by the hair and shakes it violently back and forth.
BRIGITTE: STOP IT! LEAVE HIM ALONE!
Laughing, Ginger hooks his collar and drags him at a run down the hall, screaming with unholy glee. She smashes him into lockers. She flings him at garbage cans, throwing him around like a rag doll, his blood spraying everywhere.
BRIGITTE: He hasn't done anything, please!
GINGER: I don't like how he looks at you.
With a quick snap, Ginger breaks his neck. The janitor slumps to the floor, dead. Ginger whoops. Her legs buckle beneath her and she hits the floor hard, back arching in carnal pleasure, letting go an awful sigh.
Brigitte leaps at Ginger, kicking and punching. Ginger's oblivious with bliss. Brigitte stops and stares at her fists in horror. Ginger grabs Brigitte's wrists.
GINGER: He— he found me, the mess — I had to.
BRIGITTE: Go to hell.
A whistling rasp draws their attention to the janitor. He's convulsing. His wounds are covered in a moist film.
BRIGITTE: H-he, he's not dead!
Ginger scrambles to him; Brigitte grabs her.
BRIGITTE: WAIT! Th-the infection must be saving him! Let me call help for him!
Beat. Ginger seems to consider this. Ginger raises two sharply taloned, paw-like hands and slices into the janitor's chest. His bones crack. She gathers herself and with effort yanks out his innards. His convulsions stop. Ginger grins, pleased. Brigitte gags, backs away, shaking her head.
BRIGITTE: Aw fuck, y-y-you like it....
Ginger slams Brigitte to the floor and pins her beneath her.
GINGER: It feels soooo good. It's like — touching yourself — every move, right on the dot. You know? And after? You see fucking fireworks. Supernovas. I'm a fuckin' superstar. I'm a goddamn force of nature. I feel like I could do just about anything...
Ginger's hungry eyes trail Brigitte's chest, neck, mouth.
BRIGITTE: You're fucked!
GINGER: You'd dig it! With your new 'tude? You should come for the ride...
Ginger places her index claw against Brigitte's sternum.
GINGER: A little scratch, we swap some juice. We'll be our own pack. Like before. It's so us.
BRIGITTE: I'd rather be dead than be what you are.
Ginger retracts her claw. She seizes Brigitte and throws her into a wall.
GINGER: We have a pact! Out by sixteen or dead in this scene, but fucking together forever! I said I'd DIE for you!
BRIGITTE: No, you said you'd die with me — 'cause you had nothing better to do.
Ginger kicks her in the stomach.

GINGER: Fuck you too. You think I'd go back to being nobody, you're fucked! Stay out of my way, Brigitte. I'll tell Sam you said hey.
Ginger storms off. Brigitte struggles to get up. She can't.
INT. PLAYHOUSE ~ NIGHT
Pamela digs up the playhouse floor with a pickax. She strikes something metallic. Gas hisses. Something pops. All the lights go off in the house.
PAMELA: Shit.
Using a flashlight, Pamela sees something in the dirt. It’s Trina’s hand, with a few fingers missing. She covers her mouth. The back door of the house opens.
HENRY Pam?! What the hell are you doing?
PAMELA: Just remembering old times. The tea parties, the finger paints.
HENRY Oh, for Christ’s sake.
Pamela stares into space.
INT. GREENHOUSE ~ NIGHT
The greenhouse is filling with a steady stream of booze-swilling, dope-smoking, party-mad COSTUMED TEENS. Music booms.
INT. SAM'S ROOM IN GREENHOUSE ~ NIGHT
A former office with a window overlooking the greenhouse floor. There’s a fair-sized hydroponics setup, drug processing gear, and a cot. Sam shreds some monkshood into a spoon. Uses an eye-dropper to add a little alcohol. Fires up a lighter and skims the underside of the spoon with it. Needles wait next to him.
EXT. MAIN ARTERY ~ NIGHT
A billboard advertises “Bailey County Greenhouse - Next Exit.” Brigitte alternates trying to run with flagging cars and trucks full of costumed PARTY-GOERS. No one stops.
INT. PAMELA:'S MINIVAN ON STREET TRAVELING ~ NIGHT
The Tupperware bowl with Trina’s fingers sits on the passenger seat. Creeping along, Pamela scans the sidewalks and yards. A boisterous carload of PARTY-GOERS careen by, honking and cursing at her. A thought occurs.
EXT. PAMELA'S MINIVAN TRAVELING ~ NIGHT
The van leaps forward and pursues the party-goers' car.
EXT. MAIN ARTERY ~ NIGHT
Trying to run, Brigitte stumbles, breathless. Headlights approach. She steps out into the road.
BRIGITTE: C’mon you cocksucker, stop!
The vehicle squeals to a halt. Pamela leaps out. With her Tupperware. She thrusts it at Brigitte. Who opens it.
PAMELA: Your father has left us. He doesn’t know what you’ve done, he just “felt it was time.”
BRIGITTE: You can help us. Or you can make it worse. I have to get Ginger right now.
PAMELA: ...Get in the van.
INT. GREENHOUSE ~ NIGHT
Ginger steps up to the threshold in nothing but an oversized kangaroo jacket with the hood up, hiding her face. Her legs are covered in a soft down of silky silver hair, under which her skin seems to glisten, even glow. She takes in the lively crowd. Ben is in a cow suit. Cal is Satan.
BEN: All right Fitz, fuckin' wicked costume!
Masked and made-up heads start to turn. The party-goers grin, greet her, whoop. Ginger slinks in.
CAL: That is the fucking bomb!
Encouraged, she coyly lifts the back of her jacket. Her tail unfurls: it curls and switches between her muscular thighs and is coated with a thick plume of lush, strokable silver hair. Cal reaches for her tail; it flicks out of his reach.
CAL: Whoa! All right!

Ginger pulls the hood off. Her thick mass of gleaming pure silver hair spills out. She shakes it to reveal her face, which—though gaunt-looking, angular—glows radiantly clear. Her lips are black. Both of her eyes are ice blue.
Somebody lets go a long, lusty wolf whistle. Ginger’s teeth flash in a beguiling fanged smile. Ginger’s undeniably the most gorgeous almost full-blown monster ever. Boys flock to her, gurgling lust-struck gush. Offering drinks, tokes, and dances. She could have the whole room. She strokes them, nibbles necks, kisses. Guys start to pile around for a taste. Ginger is blissed, re-energized. Her eye catches Sam's back in the window of his room.
INT. PAMELA'S MINIVAN TRAVELING ~ NIGHT
Brigitte opens Pamela’s purse and withdraws a makeup bag. She opens a compact with pressed powder inside.
PAMELA: “Go orange.” Your Grammy used to say that. Go one shade orange, and no one'll see your dark circles. No one'll know you've been crying. No one'll guess you've been out all night doing god knows what, Pamela. With god knows who. Go orange. She was very... stupid.
Brigitte whitens her face. With black eyebrow pencil, she smears her eyes. Pamela glances over at her.
BRIGITTE: I'm a zombie.
INT. SAM:'S ROOM IN GREENHOUSE ~ NIGHT
Sam inserts a needle into the steaming violet liquid in the spoon and draws it into the barrel. He pockets the extra syringe.
GINGER: Hey.
Sam jumps, almost spilling the liquid.
SAM: Shit!... Hey. Brigitte's sister, right?
GINGER: Ginger.
SAM: She here?
GINGER: She can't make it.
SAM: You sure? She was supposed to get something from me.
GINGER: I'll bet.
Ginger unzips her jacket. She has three pairs of nipples running down her belly.
SAM: ...Great get-up.
GINGER: Touch it.
SAM: Better zip up. You'll catch cold.
GINGER: Am I that scary?
SAM: Wrong word.
GINGER: You don't wanna hurt my feelings.
SAM: What about your sister's?
GINGER: Blah blah BLAH.
She shoves him backwards, hard. He lands on the bed.
GINGER: Loyalty's for squares, Sam.
EXT. PAMELA'S MINIVAN NEAR GREENHOUSE - TRAVELING ~ NIGHT
The van drives onto the lot.
INT. PAMELA'S MINIVAN AT GREENHOUSE ~ NIGHT
Pamela parks and cuts the engine.
PAMELA: Go get your sister.
BRIGITTE: Don't wait, okay.
PAMELA: I'm not going anywhere until I know you're both safe.
BRIGITTE: We're taking off. You can't stop us.
PAMELA: I wasn't going to try. Tomorrow, I thought I'd let the house fill with gas and... light a match.
BRIGITTE: Wh-what?

PAMELA: You've done a horrible thing. But you're my tiny babies. It's one thing if you leave. It's almost normal. But no one's going to take you from me.
BRIGITTE: ...Wait in here. Lock your doors. Don't let anyone in without me.
Brigitte exits the van. Pamela auto-locks the doors.
INT. GREENHOUSE MAIN FLOOR ~ NIGHT
Brigitte warily surveys the crowd. Someone shadows her from behind, a nub of tail poking out of his waistband. Brigitte starts to make her way in. Jason stalks her. His shirt is unbuttoned to show off his bulging, matted chest. His eyes are both blue. He's picking at his pussing acne and adjusting his undone pants.
Cow-suited Ben grabs Jason. Jason strains to keep track of Brigitte.
BEN: Hey Jace'. Do you think this is a faggy costume for a guy? You can just say. I been getting funny looks. What, like we aren't advanced enough that a guy can show up completely in the spirit of the thing with an udder, and not get treated like a fucking fruit?
Jason shoves Ben aside. Grabs Brigitte by her hair.
JASON: She's here, I can smell her. Let's play who's got a hostage.
Brigitte screams, twists, but can't reach him to swing.
BEN (shoving Jason back) The fuck's your problem?
JASON: (swinging at Ben) Get the fuck—!
Ben swings back and knocks Jason out cold. Spectators cheer.
BRIGITTE: Th-thanks.
BEN: Messing with girls, that's just sick.
INT. SAM:'S ROOM IN GREENHOUSE ~ NIGHT
Ginger sits on Sam. Her knees pin his arms, her crotch in his face. The cure needle is out of reach.
GINGER: I'm a killer fuck. Ask anyone.
SAM: ...I'm sure you're partly right.
GINGER: What?
BRIGITTE: (O/S) You think he can't tell?
Brigitte stands at the door.
GINGER: WHAT DID I TELL YOU?!
BRIGITTE: I wanna keep the pact...
GINGER: Well, I get along better with men. I'm taking your wet dream instead.
BRIGITTE: Why? He's a stupid, paranoid drug addict who wants to be a hero. He'd get himself killed before you could blink.
SAM: I'd give you a dose, change your tune. Straight.
Brigitte follows Sam's look to the needle. She nods.
GINGER: I'll screw him in front of you. If you come any closer, well, I'll do you both real damage.
BRIGITTE: Then you'll just be on your own. You hate that, Ginge'.
Brigitte grabs a pen knife and slits her scarred palm open.
BRIGITTE: So do I.
Brigitte lifts her palm to show Ginger her blood. Ginger shudders.
GINGER: You shit.
BRIGITTE: I won't ever hold you back again.
Ginger is vibrating with desire. Brigitte is shaking too.
BRIGITTE: What you do makes me wet, I can't wait...
Pause. Ginger sinks her teeth into her own palm. It bleeds.
BRIGITTE: “United against life as we know it.”
GINGER: (to Sam) Move? Die.
Ginger slides off him. She creeps toward Brigitte. Behind Ginger, Sam carefully snags the needle—
BRIGITTE: This is so us.

GINGER: (smiling and tearing up) Yeah, Bee, yeah...
Brigitte reaches out her bloody hand. Sam creeps up behind Ginger with the needle. Ginger hesitates.
GINGER: I'll kill him anyway.
BRIGITTE: ...I'll help.
Ginger raises her palm to Brigitte's. Sam raises the needle. The floor beneath Sam's foot squeaks. Ginger catches Sam's wrist. And snaps it. He screams and drops to his knees. The needle rolls away over the floor.
GINGER: YOU BITCH!
Ginger seizes Brigitte bodily and hurls her through the window.
INT. GREENHOUSE ~ NIGHT
The party-goers duck the spray of glass. Brigitte falls into the centerpiece fountain, face first. Her body bobs to the surface of the pool. Inert. The water stains with blood. Above, Ginger lets go a long, inhuman wail. People start to panic. Jason comes to.
EXT. GREENHOUSE ~ NIGHT
Pamela eases the van up alongside the entrance. She strains to see inside.
INT. FOUNTAIN POOL/UNDER WATER ~ NIGHT
Brigitte's eyes open. She sees water, blood. Hears muted screams.
INT. GREENHOUSE MAIN FLOOR ~ NIGHT
Brigitte bursts to the surface, choking, gasping for air. The water around her is now deep red. A foot-long shard of glass is jammed in her side.
Above her, Ginger bursts out of Sam's room and barrels down the stairs. Ginger's nose and mouth are now snout-like.
Ben dials 911 on his cell phone.
INT. SAM:'S ROOM IN GREENHOUSE ~ NIGHT
Sam grabs the cure needle with his good hand. He opens a switch box, throws a switch.
INT. GREENHOUSE MAIN FLOOR ~ NIGHT
The sprinklers come on. The party-goers scatter as Ginger moves toward Brigitte. As she stalks in and out of the fray, her forehead subtly acquires an animal's slope — flat and back; her brows bush out. Jason fights against the crowd to Ginger, experiencing the same changes.
Brigitte desperately tries to pull herself out of the pool. She slips, wincing. She finds a large shard of glass stuck in her side. She's losing a lot of blood. She looks faint. Sam pursues Ginger, the needle raised in his one good hand.
SAM: GET OUTTA THE WAY!
Ginger reaches Brigitte. Brigitte's too weak to move. Ginger slices her tough, hairy-padded paw open. Blood spurts out.
GINGER: Now you will be dead if you're not what I am. Oh, all right, I'll infect ya, save ya, what're sisters for. You're a crisis, Bee, but I love ya...
Ginger lifts Brigitte's slack, cut palm toward her own bleeding paw. A long, flat canine tongue lolls out over Ginger's wet teeth, dripping sticky phlegm.
BRIGITTE: (losing consciousness) No.
Just before they touch, Jason dives at Ginger, bowling her over.
JASON: Gotcha!
Ginger viciously bites and swings at Jason. He fights back. He's stronger, more vicious.
JASON: I love you. Don't fight it. You can't.
Sam is on them with the cure needle. Ginger shoves Jason in his path. The needle plunges into Jason's sternum. He falls before Brigitte, screaming.
SAM: SHIT!
Ginger scrambles to her feet, enraged, frothing at the mouth. She rushes at Brigitte. All hell breaks loose. The party-goers start screaming, pushing away from her, heading for the doors. Sam grabs a

shovel with his good hand, distracting Ginger. She laughs like a lunatic at him. They circle one another. Sam tries a swing at her. He misses.
Brigitte grabs the glass shard in her side and pulls with all her remaining strength. It comes free. She presses her hand to the gushing wound. She painfully drags herself out of the fountain. She can hardly stand. Ginger wheels on her. Sam clocks Ginger in the head with his shovel. She collapses, unconscious. Sirens sound outside. Brigitte falls to her knees.
INT. PAMELA'S MINIVAN ~ NIGHT
Party-goers are pouring out of the place, clambering past the van in their way. Pamela desperately scans the crowd. A police car arrives, siren screaming. Pamela hides her Tupperware in her coat and gets out of the van. She fights the crowd to get into the greenhouse.
INT. GREENHOUSE MAIN FLOOR ~ NIGHT
SAM: No, no baby. C'mon, stay with me, the cops are on their way.
BRIGITTE: Help her...
Jason sits up. The needle is still in his neck — empty. His eyes are no longer blue. His mania has vanished. Disoriented, he looks at his deformed hands, his silver-haired chest.
JASON: The fuck's happened here? FUCK!?
Brigitte and Sam look to one another. To Ginger. Brigitte feels Ginger's neck for a pulse.
SAM: No. There isn't time to make more!
BRIGITTE: You d-don't get it. She used to rule.
Brigitte presses her own cut hand to Ginger's.
SAM: What the fuck are you doing?!
Blood oozes between her fingers. She presses harder.
BRIGITTE: D-die if I don't. Get us a-away? Please.
Sam stands frozen over them, unsure what to do.
INT. GREENHOUSE MAIN FLOOR/ENTRANCE ~ NIGHT
Pamela pushes past the last of the exiting crowd. At the far end, Sam helps Brigitte drag Ginger out the back way.
PAMELA: GINGER:?! What — Brigitte, the van's out here!
BRIGITTE: She'll be okay, let us go! We'll — we'll call you, just...
Two COPS enter behind Pamela. She wheels on them.
PAMELA: (thrusting the Tupperware) You just missed my husband. He killed that little Sinclair girl. He b-buried her in his mother's backyard, i-in the city. He left these in my freezer.
One cop takes the container and opens it. The cops reel. Pamela checks over her shoulder. Sam, Brigitte, and Ginger are gone.
INT. SAM'S TRUCK CAB - TRAVELING ~ NIGHT
The street lights strobe, the road ahead swings wildly to and fro. The view distorts, blurs, doubles. Cut, bruised, soaking and pale with pain, Brigitte holds her face out the window, blasting it with cold air. She looks like death. Sam drives, one-handed — also in agony.
SAM: This is nuts, you need a doctor.
Brigitte shows him her slashed palm. Her wound is healed over. She pulls her shirt up; her mortal gash is healed.
BRIGITTE: Infection saves your life... for the first few weeks, anyway. Cure her. Cure me. Live bitterly ever after.
SAM: Why didn't you tell me it wasn't you?
BRIGITTE: ...It made you care.
SAM: Must be a drag, being so fuckin' smart.
BRIGITTE: It's not easy.
In the window to the back of the truck, passing street lamps catch Ginger's ice-blue eyes glinting behind them.

EXT. FITZGERALD HOUSE ~ NIGHT
The Fitzgerald house is dark. The truck backs up to the open garage.
INT. FITZGERALD GARAGE ~ NIGHT
Sam and weak, dizzy Brigitte confront the truck's rear. The latch has come off: the doors hang slightly ajar.
SAM: Oh man. I meant to fix that..
Brigitte takes up Henry's rake and approaches the truck doors. She noses one of the doors open a foot. It's too dark inside to see anything.
SAM: Shit! I'm sorry, I am...
Beat. Brigitte squints inside.
BRIGITTE: Heads UP!
SOMETHING roars out of the depths of the truck, jaws snapping, and crashes through the door to the house. Brigitte and Sam hang on to one another, quaking.
SAM: And the rest of the monkshood's in there?
Brigitte considers Sam's broken arm. She plucks the extra syringe out of his shirt pocket.
BRIGITTE: You're bleeding, you have to stay clear. Just tell me how to make more cure.
SAM: You wouldn't live to use it!
BRIGITTE: She's afraid I'll take it all away from her. Fear makes you stupid. Tell me what I need to do, just yell it.
SAM: Brigitte, don't!
Brigitte steps through the gaping hole in the back door.
INT. FITZGERALD GARAGE ENTRY-WAY/STAIRWELL ~ NIGHT
Deep shadows and slices of moonlight skewer the familiar layout; it seems more like The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari than a home.
It's freezing cold. Brigitte's breath shows. Frost coats the windows. Sweating and shivering, Brigitte listens. Silence, but for Brigitte's ragged, shallow breathing. Sam slips in behind her; she jumps. Bangs his arm. Brigitte holds his mouth shut and he writhes in pain.
Something scrapes at the bottom of the basement stairs before them. Brigitte carefully lifts Pamela's dried flower arrangements off the wall. She leads Sam to the kitchen.
INT. FITZGERALD KITCHEN ~ NIGHT
Brigitte eases the door to the basement shut. They whisper.
SAM: Alcohol, metal bowl...
Brigitte finds the bowl. Sam listens at the basement door. He grabs a knife from a block.
SAM: Heat. Heat. Brigitte?
The kitchen spins. Brigitte grips the counter. Tries the stove.
BRIGITTE: ...Power's off!
Brigitte bends double, dropping the bowl. Behind Sam, a chair in the dining room tips over.
SAM: Shit! How'd she get—
Brigitte takes what they need, staggers to the pantry door, and tugs Sam inside. They shut the door soundlessly.
INT. KITCHEN PANTRY ~ NIGHT
Brigitte finds and switches on a flashlight. She slides to the floor. She flicks a Zippo.
BRIGITTE: Heat. N-now what.
SAM: Christ, look at you.
BRIGITTE: Look at you. Shut up.
SAM: No alcohol. Let this go.
Brigitte grabs vodka off an assorted-booze shelf.
SAM: ...Grind up the buds.
INT. THE KITCHEN ~ NIGHT

Silence. Rooms away, something snorts; it echoes through the house. A snap. Popping. A terrible moan.
INT. THE PANTRY ~ NIGHT
SAM: That's it. Easy does it.
Dripping sweat, Brigitte quakes, almost spilling the vodka she's dripping into the ground monkshood. She flicks the Zippo on high and heats the bottom of the bowl. The cure sizzles. She dips in the syringe.
INT. THE KITCHEN ~ NIGHT
Claws click quickly over the kitchen floor, and off.
INT. THE PANTRY ~ NIGHT
Sam helps Brigitte to her feet. She raises the syringe of violet liquid like a weapon.
BRIGITTE: Stay here.
SAM: You're funny.
BRIGITTE: Your bleeding'll just... confuse things.
SAM: You need a decoy. What's the matter, scared something might happen to me?
BRIGITTE: Yes.
Sam takes her face with his good hand and kisses her.
SAM: I never felt so fucking mortal. It rules.
INT. THE KITCHEN ~ NIGHT
The needle raised and ready, Brigitte eases the door open. She carries the flashlight in her other hand. She and Sam slip out. Silence.
INT. LIVING ROOM ~ NIGHT
The sofa bumps away from the wall, as if something very large were burrowing in behind it. There's panting, a phlegm-filled swallow.
INT. KITCHEN ~ NIGHT
Sam indicates he'll go in through the dining room. Brigitte nods, heading around the other way via the hall.
INT. DINING ROOM ~ NIGHT
Sam lifts the fallen chair before him like a lion tamer.
INT. HALLWAY ~ NIGHT
Brigitte creeps along the wall, needle ready. Flashlight on.
INT. LIVING ROOM ~ NIGHT
Brigitte and Sam creep in at opposite ends of the moonlit room. The flashlight sweeps the room. Figurines glint. Catches a large patch of silver fur mid-sweep. Returns to it — nothing. Brigitte indicates the askew sofa. They both step carefully toward it. Sam raises the chair. Brigitte raises the needle. They steel themselves. Brigitte mouths, “One, two, three.” Sam kicks the sofa away from the wall. Nothing. Something soft brushes the wall behind them. Brigitte and Sam spin around, scanning the shadows.
INT. DINING ROOM ~ NIGHT
Crystal and china clatter in the china cabinet.
INT. LIVING ROOM ~ NIGHT
Brigitte and Sam spin toward the dining room. They press their backs to the wall. The flashlight sweeps — nothing.
SAM: Fucking fast.
Behind Brigitte, the girls' high school portraits rattle on the wall and fall, hitting her in the head.
SAM: Where the fuck is it?!
BRIGITTE: She, not it.
From the kitchen, they hear the 'fridge door open.
SAM: Guess she's hungry.
BRIGITTE: Eating's like sex. She won't stop in the middle. We've got her.
INT. THE KITCHEN ~ NIGHT

Brigitte creeps back in the way she left. Sam does the same, wielding his chair. The 'fridge sits open. A ravaged packet of raw hamburger bleeds on the floor. Brigitte pans the flashlight to the only other way out — the basement door. Still intact and shut. She pans the light under the kitchen table, behind the island. Up and over the counter. Nothing. Brigitte and Sam meet in the middle. They turn back-to-back to scan around them. Sam spots the closed pantry door. He sets the chair down and reaches for the knob. Brigitte turns to look.

BRIGITTE: NO!

Bloodied froth sprays out of the pantry. The creature shrieks, leaping at Sam. Its force hurls them both across the room to slam hard on the table, which snaps. Sam screams. Brigitte drops the needle and light to grab Sam's chair. She smashes it over the creature's back. The creature scrambles out. Brigitte sinks to Sam. The table's pedestal base has pierced his back and come through his chest. Steam rises from the mortal gash. His blood spurts everywhere.

SAM: D-d-d-on't you d-d-dare in—fect me.

BRIGITTE: I'll get you out, get you help!

SAM: Won't make it...

Sam convulses, choking on his own blood.

SAM: S-save yours—self.

BRIGITTE: NO! SAM:! NOOOOO!

Sam dies. Brigitte keens, reeling over him. She lifts his limp hand to her face. Finds herself compulsively sucking at Sam's bloody fingers. Brigitte convulses with horror. She vomits. She hardens. She dives for the needle. And the knife.

INT. ENTRY WAY / BASEMENT STAIRWELL ~ NIGHT

Baying rises from the basement. Brigitte creeps in. She swoons and falls. The needle flies from her hand. And bounces down the basement stairs. The knife has cut her arm.

BRIGITTE: Shit!

She considers the stairs. The door. The room skews; her eyelids flutter. Drool slips over her lip. The hulking silhouette of the creature shimmers briefly in the kitchen doorway. Then it's not there.

Brigitte stumbles down the basement stairs. Tries to watch her back. Tries to keep the knife ready. The needle is at the bottom, caught in a trace of moonlight from a basement window.

INT. STAIRWELL ~ NIGHT

A grotesque, claw-like hand bursts through the wall, grabs Brigitte's free arm, and pulls her repeatedly into the wall. Almost through it. Brigitte slashes at the creature's grip with her knife. It hurls her down the stairs. She hits the basement floor sprawling, past the needle. She starts to crawl back for it. She's within inches of it. The creature bursts through the stairwell wall just above her. And races down toward her. Brigitte turns and runs. The creature's taloned, twisted feet just miss crushing the needle.

INT. THE BASEMENT ~ NIGHT

Brigitte bolts for her bedroom ahead.

INT. GIRLS' BEDROOM ~ NIGHT

Brigitte slams the door behind her, locks it. Pulls a chair to the formerly-cardboarded window. Still gripping the knife, she clambers on the chair, tips it, and wipes out. Brigitte rights the chair, climbs up it again. Brigitte opens the curtains. The window has been covered in mesh on the outside.

BRIGITTE: Oh my god.

She hears panting. Clicking. Popping of joints. Brigitte turns to face the room, tentatively lifts her knife... The creature limps from shadow to shadow, back and forth, wheezing. It blocks the door — the only way out.

BRIGITTE: JUST GET OUT! GET OUT!

The creature gives a low, warning growl. Her claws scrape the floor unevenly. Blood drips in a patch of light. She's injured.

BRIGITTE: ...Ginger? Are you still in there?

Pause. Brigitte lowers the knife.
BRIGITTE: ...I still want to h-help you...
Brigitte edges forward.
BRIGITTE: The—the cure c-could w-work...
The creature starts out of the shadow at her, its horrible jaws flashing. It's no longer the sensual predator from the party. It's a monster: a gaunt, pathetic, watery-eyed atrocity.
BRIGITTE: FUCK!
Brigitte jumps back, shucking anything in reach at it. The creature moves toward her.
BRIGITTE: I'm not dying in this room with you!
The creature's hackles rise. It makes ready to pounce, hissing. Its spittle sprays Brigitte.
BRIGITTE: (lifting the knife) I'M NOT DYING!
Roaring, the creature leaps on her. Brigitte meets its thin, bony chest with the blade of her knife. The creature freezes, the knife in its heart. It snaps at Brigitte's face. Brigitte yanks the knife out. And stabs her again. And again. And again.
The creature slumps to the floor. Brigitte falls with it, hysterical. She grabs one of its front paws and squeezes, wailing.
BRIGITTE: I'm ss-orry, I'm so- sor—
The creature's ice-blue eyes meet Brigitte's. It squeezes Brigitte's hand back — so hard. It sighs away its final breath. The monster falls still.
Brigitte gathers the creature into her arms and holds it. She caresses its silver hair over and over.
INT. THE GIRLS' BEDROOM ~ NIGHT
Bloody fingers hold the photo of Ginger impaled on a white picket fence. The photo is lowered, revealing the dead creature lying on the bedroom floor. Brigitte holds the bloody knife. And the needle with the cure. Brigitte considers the creature.
INT. VEHICLE ~ DAWN
The blood-smudged Polaroid of Ginger on the picket fence is tacked to the sun visor. The visor is flipped up. The morning sun blinds. The vehicle is speeding down a highway. A badly-scarred palm adjusts the driver's side-view mirror.
EXT. VEHICLE TRAVELING ~ DAWN
The truck as it blasts by: “County Regreening Programme.” The electrical tower field looms. The strings of identical homes lining it. The long road ahead of the speeding truck. The road out of Bailey Downs.
FADE OUT
THE END